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# CECIL, A PEER.

# CECIL, A PEER,

A SEQUEL TO

CECIL, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A COXCOMB.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

"LOCUS EST ET PLURIBUS UMBRIS,"

"A frame containing sketches of the world and its wife."

HORACE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

T. AND W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND STREET.

1841.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

# CECIL.

## CHAPTER I.

Good my lord!
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
But he whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

SHAKSPEARE.

SUCH of my readers as do not happen to be curious in the treatment of gun-shot wounds, will gladly dispense with the particulars of Frank Walsingham's convalescence.—So popular a fellow could not fail to have the good wishes of hundreds in his favour; and with



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the exception of one or two *very* romantic young persons, who had flattered themselves he would die in order that they might go into consumptions, everybody in London was rejoiced when it became known that he was sufficiently recovered to be removed to Walsingham House.

To the honour of the Star and Garter be it spoken, nothing had transpired to the world of certain interviews which had taken place there between the Hon. John Danby and Right Hon. Earl of Walsingham.—But even had waiters and wainscots proved false, it was scarcely likely to be surmised that these meetings were for the purpose of taking into consideration the preliminaries of a marriage between the offspring of the respective parties.

The agitation and distress occasioned by the danger of my friend Frank, had served to acquaint my brother with a circumstance which, under any other circumstances, would probably have been kept a profound secret

from him;—namely, that Jane had been passionately attached to my young friend from the first moment of their acquaintance: and that now, at the close of the second year, and after the courtship of half a dozen suitors of the highest pretensions, she remained of opinion she could never be happy as the wife of any other man.

The blow was bitter to my brother,—the struggle of his feelings great.—But he saw her grievously committed in the eyes of the world,—grievously humiliated in her own,—grievously wounded in heart and soul.—He was afraid, I have sometimes thought, of estranging her affections further from himself; or rather, perhaps, afraid of seeming to visit upon her, by the exercise of his better judgment, her disregard of *his* feelings in her choice.—For he had not been a week aware of Jane's attachment and the warmth of feeling with which it was returned, before he commissioned me to speak to Frank upon the subject;

and proceeded to open a communication with Lord Walsingham!—

Could I have presumed to offer counsel to a man like Danby, I think I should almost have advised him to abstain from the latter measure. For I knew more of the Earl than *he* did; and rightly judged that though willing to treat, as between crowned heads, for the hand of his precious Viscount, he regarded all ceremony concerning his junior branches altogether superfluous.—Any body was welcome to one of his younger sons, who chose to take him.—He saw no occasion, and Danby suggested none, to increase Frank Walsingham's allowance of three hundred a year; and when Danby proposed to give the young people two thousand and a house in Connaught Place, Lord Walsingham looked upon him with compassion not unmingled with contempt, as that phenomenon of civilized life, a Prodigal Father.

An interview far more to the purpose, but I suspect far more painful to my brother, was

the one with Frank, in which he did not grant, but *offer* his consent to his marriage.—Knowing it to be impossible for Walsingham to hazard proposals, without a guinea for settlements, or a prospect beyond obscurity and want, he spoke first and to the purpose;—nor, but that I was present and heard him, could I have supposed it possible to accord so generous a concession with so little the air of a benefactor.

Odi homines ignavâ operâ, philosophiâ sententiâ;

but the simplicity of Danby's manners, and abstinence from all profession, rendered the magnanimity of *his* actions a thousand times more striking.

Every one, however, did not admire him as much as I did: every one did not enter into the intensity of his paternal love. Lord Ormington was furious. Lord Ormington had set his heart upon seeing his grand-daughter a Countess,—and seemed to loathe the idea of a poor Honourable all the more that it re-

minded him of the detested Cecil. *A* Mrs. Walsingham! — the beautiful, — the accomplished,—the wealthy Miss Danby, *a* Mrs. Walsingham!—I verily believe he would as soon have seen her in her grave.—Though now nearly eighty years of age, with him this barren world and its distinctions were still all in all!—

Of course, the whole offence was laid at my door.—His Lordship and his Lordship's own man settled it between them that I had wantonly and maliciously introduced Frank Walsingham to my niece; sacrificing her as the victim of my spendthrift friend, lest by her formation of some illustrious alliance, my brother should be induced to charge the family estates to increase her inheritance.

It was useless to vindicate myself. I could not do so without admitting, which kindness to Frank forbad, my heartfelt regret at the marriage.—Nobody understood the inequalities of the match half so well as I did. Nobody but

myself was acquainted alike with the cultivated intelligence of my niece, and the total want of information, or taste for information, of Walsingham. Jane had found his conversation amusing without perceiving that all it unfolded was picked up in conversation; that, as Richelieu said of some superficial man, though too poor to have a shirt, he had furnished himself with a pair of ruffles. What would become of her pleasure in his society when the ruffles were worn out?—when the chime of his empty liveliness had ceased to charm?—Oh! what a companion for life to succeed to such a father as hers!—

No need however for rueful anticipations at such a moment. There were plenty of people envious of his good fortune, to depreciate Frank Walsingham, without the name of his friend Cecil being subscribed to the list. Herries and his wife, staunch partizans of that active member—(of the House, not society)—Lord Rotherhithe, were stupendously displeased

at the marriage;—the Mereworths,—and who could not forgive them,—were bitter against both Jane and the bridegroom;—nay, all London was of opinion that Miss Danby could scarcely have done worse. Her repentance was anticipated as if bespoken and paid for, and as sure to come home to her as her wedding gown.

I scarcely allowed myself to lose sight of my brother; for though I knew that, having once made up his mind on premises known only to himself, nothing would shake his resolution, it is easier to make up one's mind than one's heart. *His* was shaken to the centre. It was my duty to support him by all the companionship he would accept;—and let me do myself the justice to say that he accepted it gratefully. He was glad to have my arm to lean on, in his walks. He was glad to be with one who, he knew, participated genuinely in his affection for that lovely girl. After all, family sympathy is a holy — a *thrice* holy bond!—

So unflinching was the rectitude of his judgment, that in this instance, as in that of the death of his son, Danby did not a moment misjudge the extent of my culpability. He knew that Frank's introduction to my niece, through my means, was accidental; and that, if in my power, I would have made any sacrifice to obtain her hand and affections for Mereworth's son. He was too noble to require of me an admission of my regret at what had occurred. He saw that I felt it,—and that was enough.

As if to intimate in a more decided manner his displeasure at all that Danby was doing for his daughter, the old Lord not only set off for Ormington Hall while the preparations for the wedding were proceeding, but the sudden setting up of a scaffolding round the dilapidated old house in Hanover Square intimated to the world at large his intentions of taking a new lease of his life. He had issued orders for putting it into complete repair, and refur-

nishing it on a liberal scale; — perhaps to alarm his son with the threat of a new Lady Ormington ;—but in reality that Herries and his wife might become his inmates. This, perhaps, was for the best. He was now what the world calls " breaking," when it means " a little cracked." The succession of his family disappointments had wrought him into a state of irritability of mind scarcely to be described; and irritability of mind, when conjoined with infirmity of body, is a doubly lamentable condition. I agreed with Danby that it would be better for all parties that Julia and her husband should afford him the support and comfort of their society. It was desirable that his Lordship should make his exit from the world in all the respectability becoming his fortune and condition.

These family events, and trifling as theymay seem to my readers, no family event is trifling within the circle of one's family, luckily preserved me from tearing the scanty remnant of

my ambrosial curls remaining, with vexation at the state of my private affairs.—The people in Bruton Street, who, little as they had pretended to value me when assured of calling me their own, now all but frantic for my loss, went about reviling me in society as a vile and perjured man,—a promise-breaker,—a Lovelace!—Though evidently still hoping that the breach might be repaired, and that the grim heiress would eventually figure as the lady of Ormington Hall, (after first exciting the envy of her sex as the Hon. Mrs. Cecil,)—they went on widening it and widening it by all the aggravations in their power.—They sent their lawyer to demand justice,—they sent a fire eating E. I. C. Colonel cousin, hot and yellow as a currie, to demand reparation,—they sent insolent letters,—they sent coaxing messages;—every thing that was most odious and offensive.—In return, I sent only my compliments, and wishes for their better health and better temper.—

After all, I had acted by Miss Crutchley as she had acted by half a dozen other men ;—accepted her attentions on the footing of a lover, and finding my courage unequal to the rash act of matrimony, recoiled on the brink of the precipice. For my part, I am amazed that any man or woman should resent the repentance that precedes, instead of following, an indissoluble union.—The virtuous Marcia ought to have thanked me on her knees for victimizing her by my fickleness ;—for had I made it a point of honour to persevere in my addresses, even the fear of the Old Bailey before my eyes would not have prevented me from playing Blue Beard, on finding such a face upon my pillow !—It would have been only wise in her to seek a more suitable suit.—

> Tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
> Perpetuam.—

My readers will doubtless have already concluded that before I ventured to throw down the gauntlet thus resolutely to Bruton

Street, Mary was no longer its inmate. I contrived to ascertain through O'Brien that she had departed in peace to her own modest and quiet home,—and that she was the hundred and sixteenth daughter, or thereabouts, of a Yorkshire Curate, the nephew of the late Sir Marmaduke Crutchley. — I trust they may not think the worse of me for my candid admission that Mary, pale and broken-hearted under the oppression of her tyrants, and Mary merry and jovial among a tribe of little ragged brothers and sisters, greasy with roast mutton and Yorkshire pudding,—were as distinct as *la tragédie et la petite pièce.* All the poetry of the case had disappeared.—The poor girl was doubtless very happy again in her natural element; darning linen, and teaching the ideas of her little bores of brothers how to shoot. But it was utterly impossible for Cecil Danby to hurl himself like a star from his sphere, with the certainty of falling into a bean-stack or a barley-mow

To point a moral and adorn a tale.—

Had my attention been undivided at the moment of her evanishment from London, so great was the momentary excitement of my feelings, that I will not swear, poor dear child, I might not have lost myself for ever for her sake. But I was fortunately too deeply engrossed for three following weeks by the state of my brother's feelings, to think of much besides Danby, Walsingham, and Jane;—and when, finally at liberty to devote myself to my pale white rose, I heard from O'Brien that the Bruton Street butler talked of her mother as a very decent woman who had dined in the housekeeper's room, and carried Mary off into the country by the heavy coach, I naturally reminded myself that I owed too much to CECIL, and CECIL a great deal too much to society, to play the fool in so very foolish a manner of playing it. I ought to have seen all this from the first. But

> in rebus quoque apertis noscere possis
> Si non advertus animum, proinde esse quasi omni
> Tempore semotæ fuerint, longeque remotæ,

Mary in Bruton Street, and Mary in the North Riding, were as different in their influence as a cannon ball innocuous on Woolwich Warren, or winging its errand of death on the plains of Talavera. No doubt she had accomplished the great purpose of her existence by preventing my being sacrificed by *fieri facias*, to the Moloch of Tchindagore Park.

I wish, by the way, that for the benefit of all lovers of the picturesque, I could perpetuate the look of amazement of the legal adviser into whose hands I was compelled to throw the disagreeable office of answering the majestic Marcia's lawyer's letters!—Forced to accompany my brother several days in the week to a stately mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Deed Palace of the present representatives of "the old established house of Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch," (which now, like the city of York, sent two members to parliament), I took occasion one day to consult the advising partner, touching the tenability of the claims of

the Crutchleys. I did not, of course, imagine they were able to marry me against my will; but I wished to know whether I and my letters were likely to cut so ridiculous a figure at the assizes, as to render it advisable to compromise the matter by accepting the ten thousand a year and its incumbent, and appearing with the plaintiff *at* Court instead of *in* court.

The archives of the house of Hanmer and Snatch contained, I suppose, a sufficient record of my real position in the Danby family, to inspire its present Grand Inquisitor, Mr. Scriven Screwham, with no *very* exalted idea of my consequence; and when he found me threatened with the utmost rigour of the law, unless I condescended to accept two hundred and fifty thousand pounds consols, and Tchindagore Park, he surveyed me with a look of wonder and dismay, such as Amphytrion in the play bends upon Jupiter, when shooting upwards to Olympus, like a Congreve rocket, after

condescending to accept a supper and bed at his house! From that day, he bowed almost lower to me than to Danby, when we entered the office. He assured me, of course, that I had nothing to fear;—that people who, like the Crutchleys, could pay for the best advice, would be better advised than to make themselves ridiculous, not at my expense, but at their own. Mr. S. S. (who in spite of his initials was not a sower of sedition,) ventured indeed to insinuate something about the desirableness of re-considering the matter, before I rejected such prospects. — But I silenced him by a look. It is amazing what looks one can put on, when one is refusing ten thousand a year!—

Meanwhile, the wedding day in Connaught Place was approaching; and Frank and Jane were as happy as happy could be. Walsingham had all but recovered from his wound. There remained only enough of illness to justify such care and thoughtfulness on the part of his young bride, as, but for the pretext of indis-

position, she had not dared to avow. Lucky dog!—Instead of being forced to the *petits soins* of a lover, *petits soins* were forced upon *him!* —A place was prepared for him in the corner of the sofa, and a footstool placed at his feet, almost as assiduously as if for CECIL.—

I do not suppose poor Jane fully appreciated the sacrifice her father was making, or she would have been more reserved in the manifestations of her attachment. But unused to disguise a thought or feeling, she seemed to take delight in rewarding herself for the two years of reserve she had undergone, by the free avowal of her present happiness. She evidently fancied that Walsingham was to be as much loved and cherished by her father, as by herself. —Infatuated by the influence of a first love, she never perceived the incompetency of Frank to become his companion. When Walsingham sometimes indulged in those ebullitions of youthful spirits which delighted Jane and amused me,—I have seen Danby struggle to

look pleased,—anxious only lest the effort of his indulgence should be apparent.—No doubt, in his soul he thought the madcap insupportable, but bore with him for the sake of his child.—

"Let her only be happy," whispered he to me one day, in a broken voice, taking my arm to hurry away from the house, where Frank, in the buoyant spirits of triumphant joy, had been trying upon his bride some tire or trinket presented to her as a wedding gift.—"But when I reflect upon the moment of disenchantment, when all this levity will appear to her in its true light!——"

"Jane is young and gay," pleaded I.—"We must not expect her to feel and think with our thoughts and feelings."—

"I do *not*—God forbid she should!—God forbid she should ever suffer from such distracting thoughts as mine are now,"—exclaimed Danby with an impetuosity very unusual to him. "But she would have found in young

Chippenham as much sprightliness and animation as in this man,—combined with intelligence to appreciate her talents, and steadiness to do her honour in life!—Oh! Cecil—what will be her destiny!—How will she bear the littleness of a mind like his, and the littleness of fortune from which such insignificance is inseparable.—But why do I allow myself to be betrayed into the discussion!" faltered he, suddenly interrupting himself,—"I had hoped to have embraced the decree of Providence without a murmur."

A few days afterwards, when Frank had been committing himself by giving loose opinions in politics, in his presence, and worse still, in presence of my sister and Herries, in the sort of reckless, boyish manner in which

fools rush in where seraphs fear to tread,

Danby took me aside, and hinted his desire to accelerate the preparations for the marriage. At first, he had anxiously asked for time, as if to reconcile himself to the event. He now

wished the wedding to be hurried. He seemed to doubt whether his fortitude and patience would hold out to the end.—

"As a son-in-law, perhaps I shall look upon him in a different light," said he, in a despairing tone.—"But so long as the connection is not irrevocable, I permit myself to dwell upon it till my anxieties distract me.—I am often unreasonable,—often peevish with that poor girl! —and since no longer the doating fond indulgent father I once was, let me at least supply the deficiency by a more affectionate companion!"—

It was not very difficult, of course, to hasten the wedding. I almost agreed with Danby; for never had I seen Frank Walsingham so flighty as now, in the wildness of his joy.—The sobriety of domestic life might perhaps render him more rational.—

Already, I had pledged myself to Danby to accompany him on a tour to the Continent.—On his own account he felt an urgent necessity

for change of air and scene; and the projected domestication of Lord Ormington with the Herries's, restored to him the command of his time. He seemed to think, too, that Frank would never feel himself thoroughly at home in Connaught Place, so long as *his* authority was the ruling influence.—

We promised ourselves to visit Italy; and the idea of such a journey, with such a companion, had been indeed enchanting, but that the manifestly wasting person and diminished strength and appetite of my brother, induced me to fear he entertained apprehensions of deeper cause for changing climate than he permitted himself to acknowledge. But though I saw he was ill, as he did not choose to avow it I respected his reserve so far as to take no notice; accepting the air of assumed cheerfulness with which he indulged in anticipations of our visit to Paris, as if as heartfelt as my own.—

I seldom left him now.—The daily and hourly reminders of the approaching event that

left him no moment free,—the arrival of wedding clothes and jewels and presents,—all the paraphernalia of what is called "the happy event," were less perceptible so long as I was on the spot, to supply the companionship which the pre-occupation of his daughter left wanting.

One day, I was with him in the library as he was putting aside his books and papers, preparatory to the long absence he meditated from England; and I could see by the expression of his countenance, though I pretended to be absorbed in a book, that many of the letters which fell under his hand, and which he either destroyed, or placed in the secret drawer of his travelling desk, bore reference to Lady Susan or little Arthur.—

His back was turned towards me; but once, when the sound of a suppressed sob met my ear, I could not refrain from looking up.—A large glass opposite the table reflected all the emotions of my brother as he stood contem-

plating a long brown ringlet, bringing my poor sister-in-law so clearly before me, that even my own eyes were suffused with tears!—

A moment afterwards, I saw him replace it carefully in a paper, containing a soft fair curl:—I may have been mistaken — but it seemed to me slightly matted with a dark spot, —as if bearing indications too sad to think of, of the cruel end of that blessed child!—Poor,— *poor* Arthur!—

Nothing ensued to make me openly aware of the agony of mind he had been enduring; and when he spoke again, it was as nearly as possible in his usual voice. Only when I rose to assist him in placing the heavier books in the cases, and as there fell from a new edition of Dante some pencil notes in his handwriting I asked him whether the papers were to be left in the work, he answered, in a voice whose despairing hollowness it would be difficult to describe, "No, — destroy them! — It is no

matter now!—They were for *her*. I thought we should have read the book together.—All *that* is over.—I have lost my child!—We shall never read,—never feel together again!"—

## CHAPTER II.

O you kind gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused nature.
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, oh! wind up
Of this child-changed father!

SHAKSPEARE.

Quid dulcius hominum generi a natura datum est, quam sui cuique liberi?—TULL.

SOME great writer, (who is it?—Bacon, Goldsmith—the two extremes of art and nature, or immortal Billy who combines both?) no matter whom,—has observed that the most touching spectacle this world affords is "a good man struggling with adversity!"—

Heaven knows exactly what the great writer meant by adversity;—if Bacon, probably an attachment for high treason,—if Goldsmith, a tax-gatherer's warrant, or tailor's bill.—But in *my* enlarged sense of the word, for adversity

reading mental affliction, I swear I had sooner see twenty malefactors turned off—(I was going to say at Tyburn,—but even though born previous to the assembling of the States General, I am not old enough to remember Tyburnizing,) twenty malefactors, then, done justice to, than witness the struggles of such a mind as Danby's under its present bereavement.—For, after all, to lose the affections dearest to us on earth, and through no fault of our own or theirs, is as much a bereavement as any decreed by the implacable hand of death!—

I hesitated, if I remember, about the propriety of making public the incidents connected with Lady Ormington's death-bed.—I do *not* hesitate to decline saying a word of my brother's anguish on his daughter's wedding day.—I had been with him when poor little Arthur's coffin was lowered into the family vault:—I had never seen him thoroughly unmanned till now!—

Licet hic considere: non est
Cantandum, res vera agitur!—

We arrived at Paris.—(I can't help it, dear reader,—you must accept me as you find me,—and take all the rest for granted till, as I say again)—we arrived at Paris.—There was a great deal for Danby to see, on which I confidently relied to attract and distract his attention; and so sincere were his exertions to get the better of his feelings, that he visited all the public monuments, made acquaintance with all the public men, and applied the full force of his powerful understanding to the consideration of the institutions and habits of a new country.—It was the first time he had ever quitted England; and though the superficial changes which startle vulgar observers had little effect on *him*, the total transition of nature and human nature around him, could not be altogether without influence.

I was surprised to perceive that, unambitious as had been his career, the senatorial value of Danby was as well understood by Louis Philippe, Broglie, Molé, and the conscript

fathers of Parisian politics, as if his name had been draggle-tailed through Europe at the end of protocols or treaties. It is one thing to ground one's consequence on a pedestal of despatch boxes, and another to find it borne aloft on the respect of public opinion.—The sages of the times were fully aware that the intelligence and eloquence of my brother were to every recent public measure, as the invisible foundations of a monumental structure, to its ostensible elevation.—No one knew better than the King of the French that he could not have created his glorious arch of triumph overlooking the Champs Elysées, but for the five and twenty feet of granite below the soil, securing its solidity; or that the liberal cause would have fallen prostrate, but for the unseen support of my brother.—

We had a pleasant time of it enough.—The court was at Neuilly, which preserved us from the Kotoo of the Tuileries;—and with all possible respect for the many excellencies of

the Orleans family, I fear I could scarcely have put on the right serious face which Tommy Moore says he cannot call up to read Leigh Hunt, to look with respect upon the gravities of a court, wherein Madame la Comtesse de St. Gratien was "*dame pour accompagner*."—

With a *guimpe* rising to her throat, with a turban as severe as a judge's cap of condemnation, with a face as acrid as Bourdeaux ordinaire, with a general severity of air and principle worthy of a Camarera Mayor, or the "principal" of some "Select Establishment for Young Ladies" at Turnham Green, Madame la Comtesse, a widow wedded to the grave of her spouse and the proprieties of life as never widow was, since the days of Penelope, stood forth the paragon and pattern-woman of the new court.—Long habits of imposition had rendered her so expert an impostor, that I verily believe she imposed even on herself; and when explaining to my brother the cultivation of the white mulberry at Neuilly and

disputing upon the mysteries of the silk trade, I vow I could almost have believed her, as the Queen did, an amalgamation of the Seven Wise Virgins rolled into one.

One of the merits politically attributed to Madame la Comtesse in her vocation, was her familiarity with foreign languages and foreign personages,—(she best could tell how acquired!) The English in particular:—her former intimacy with the Lady Ormingtons of the day became invaluable.—Of course she committed the grossest blunders, both as regards persons and politics; but blunders, if enhanced by airs of Spanish gravity, and conveyed in sonorous words, are, in certain circumstances, as good as gold;—witness the actor at the Portsmouth Theatre, who, imperfect in his part of Barbarossa, filled up the rant with

> Did not I,
> By that brave knight Sir Sidney Smith assisted,
> And in conjunction with the gallant Nelson,
> Drive Buonaparte and his fierce marauders
> From Egypt's shores!—

which drew down thunders of applause!—

Madame la Comtesse had lately been doing the honours of the court to Lord Harris; and aware of his former position as a Court favourite, and recent one as Ambassador, had fallen into the error of supposing him what she called a man of state,—meaning a statesman.—

What would I not have given to have beheld the supposed statesman in her clutches!—Imagine any body talking Machiavel to Harris! Some *mauvais plaisant* (Henry Fox most likely) had given her to read in the onset of her career as an *intrigante*, as a manual of English politics, the works of Shaftesbury; and it seems she had been inflicting the Cabal upon *him* as she formerly inflicted Lingard upon *me!*—as when dear Lady —— is ingenuous enough, at her concerts, to twiddle one of Dr. Arne's pastoralities about Delia or Strephon, between "Sulla Tomba," and "Alla pace."

Harris, whose politics were about as enlightened as those of a common councilman

or a Welsh squire, was utterly bewildered. In his gross ignorance of all things not pertaining to a tailor's or perfumer's shop,—the cellar or the kitchen,—he fancied that all the rubbish she was talking applied to the only English reign in which he was interested; and began to tremble and turn pale at the idea of the intrigues in the midst of which he had boozed and bowed in such peaceful unconsciousness. Enchanted by the impression she produced, Madame la Comtesse grew still more emphatic, still more mysterious; and Lord Harris will believe to his dying-day that the most awful and confidential revelations were made to him in the Salle de Minerve of the palace of the Tuileries, by one of her Majesty the Queen of of the French's ladies in waiting!—I believe he asked for an audience of the Foreign Secretary, on his return to England, to confide these terrible disclosures; and some day or other, they will appear in his memoirs, with a note by the editor, saying, he "does not *quite* under-

stand the meaning of the late lamented lord, but that this momentous secret was evidently something vital to the political interests of the country!"—Nay, in the 30th century, some numskull of an historian in New York, then the Athens of the world, will probably fish out these memoirs, — rare as the trunk-makers can make them, and write "A few elucidations on the mysterious Cabal of the reign of George IV;" — whereupon the Quarterly Review of Cincinnati will call him a painstaking and luminous writer; and Canning and Wellington will come to pass for dupes, and Madame la Comtesse for a new Princesse des Ursins.—"*Et voilà comme on écrit l'histoire!*"

Paris, however, was not our object. My brother was eager to push on for Italy.—He was panting for a brighter sky,—a nobler range of landscape.—How often does the sickness of the soul inspire these physical aspirings! —As the mind grows weary of its bondage and discovers how little it can effect on earth of

great or good purposes, it becomes impatient of all tangible barriers, as if *they* were the impediments to thought and action!—Alas!—it was not the low vales of England,—its bounded horizon,—its nebulous sky,—which had limited the measures and thwarted the happiness of my brother!—The littleness of society, the deteriorating influence of the world, the frivolities of civilized life must still keep narrowing and narrowing the circle of philosophical aspiration, let the eternal Apennines uplift their heads as they may, or the bending of the shore by Cajeta be beauteous as in the days of Cicero!—

In early youth, it seems so easy to achieve great things! — We foresee no obstacles,—we conceive not the force of trifling impediments; and like a gladiator surveying the arena clear of spectators or antagonists, forehear the plaudits of the populace and are sanguine of our crown of laurels. It is not till he hath been trailed, bruised and bleeding

in the dust, amid the hootings of the crowd, that the Athlet is made to understand the true admeasurement of his weakness, and the preponderating majesty of the multitude.

But it was not from a dream of mere ambition that Danby had been disenchanted.—His *mind* had never seen visions,—it was his *heart!* —Those who ground their earthly happiness on being "loved much," are as sure of having to lament over "the baseless fabric of a vision," as the illuminati who pretend to regenerate public morals, or instruct the exchequer in paying off the National Debt!—

Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

There is no time to be great in this world!—We were not *meant* to be great:—we were sent here to be good.—"And now, my dear Cecil," (as Colman said to Bonnel Thornton when they were writing alternate papers in the Connoisseur—) "sit down and tell them that VIRTUE IS A FINE THING!"

It was an age since I had been in Italy; and it really behoves an Englishman to make a Sabbatical journey thither to worship the sun, once in seven years, as if out of his indentures to the gloom of Great Britain. I had grown so heartsick of the hollowness of London with all its crushing despotism of vulgar opinion, that it was like waking in the Elysian fields to find oneself in Florence;—that bride of my early affections, to which, though often faithless, I return again and again with delight,—to find her still and ever arrayed in her chaplet of orange flowers and carcanets of Benvenuto Cellini.—The very name of the Arno has music for my ear:—*Cara* CARISSIMA *Cristina!*—

We had not been two days at Schneider's before Danby fell seriously ill,—The Embassy sent its physician, who assured me his indisposition was the mere result of change of climate,—"no uncommon circumstance when men of mature age like myself and my brother—acclimatized from infancy in the gelid atmo-

sphere of England, hazarded a tour in Italy during the summer months."—Jackass!—There was no good in telling *him* that the disorder was a fever of the spirits,—the result of torture from being

Stretch'd on the rack of this rough world;

and whereas though a bad guesser at the origin of the evil, it did not follow that he should be as indifferent a deducer of consequences, I persuaded Danby to follow his advice, and remove to Lucca for change of air.

At that period, Lucca was a grand duchy attached to a picture gallery. Now, alas! the picture gallery is dispersed hither and thither; and if the grand duchy be ever heard of in civilized Europe again, it will be, as Tewkesbury is heard of by its mustard, because it is civil enough to grow our sallad oil.—But for Lucca, what should we do for a *mayonnaise?*—

The waters, which the diplomatic doctor fancied a specific for an inward bruise, were

sulphurous and noisome, like most of those subterranean kettles of Domdaniel which send forth their fumes among the mountains.—But the place itself was peaceful and pleasant; uncontaminated, as it happened, by the Thompson and Johnson tribes who so deteriorate the fine landscapes and noble cities of Italy with their vulgarizing opacity; and induce one to exclaim with Macbeth,

> What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
> Will scour these English hence?

There was a capital hotel, however, where the Mitchelstons were abiding; but one could put up with this single grain of Anglicism, in consideration of the Russian Princes and German Countesses and Canonesses, completing the variegated population of the Casa Pagnini.

The weather was heavenly. In Italy, the labour of living lays a less weighty burthen on one's shoulders.—Its nights are brighter than our noons,—its noons more gorgeous than our dreams of Heaven.—Midnight comes not, as in

England, arrayed with chilly damps and a mantle of clouds; but scattering fragrant odours from her wings, and wearing a raiment of transparent darkness, like the lace mantillas of the ladies of Seville.—An Italian night is as the slumber of nature,—not its death.—The air appears so pure and balmy, that one can fancy angels wandering upon the earth in such an atmosphere to gather the prayers of mankind, as maidens gather May-dew.

There were several angels, (without counting Lady Mitchelston,) who wandered about amazingly at Lucca;—and I should have found it pleasant, perhaps, to meet them by moonlight alone, or by daylight in flocks and herds, but for my anxiety on account of my brother.

The population of bathing places is much the same all over the world;—ennuyés, intent upon breaking the line of home-monotony,—chevaliers d'industrie, intent upon picking people's pockets with a dice-box,—and a sprinkling of genuine invalids, better pleased

to swallow medicine administered in a pleasant scene amid a joyous population, than surrender themselves without a struggle to the martyrdom of apothecarization. On these, the change of air and change of scene often exercises a really important influence; and I was sincerely in hopes the constitution of my brother might derive benefit from the climate of that charming gorge of mountain scenery.—The sparkling river, and the fine old avenue of trees seen from the windows of our villa on the hill-side, afforded a pleasant relief to the eye accustomed to dwell from Connaught Place upon the green dwarfs dotted like little weazened old men about Hyde Park, or the torpid expanse of that decoy of the Humane Society, the Serpentine river.—Even the idlers at the Baths, would, I fancied, be an advantage; as compelling him to exercise the self-command that constitutes the daily drill of worldly life.—

I took particular care not to give him out

as an invalid.—An invalid obtains too many privileges of inglorious ease.—An invalid enjoys a dispensation from amusing or being amused;—and though Danby was not of course pursued to that sparkling yet tranquil little nook among the hills, by the greatness of a reputation rendering the task of amusing and being amused a fastidious task or Herculean labour, I was in hopes that his very inauthenticity would stand his friend.

After all, he was only five and forty; and the fair ones of foreign countries being less attracted than English women by a pink-and-white tincture of skin, or the showiness of superficial dandyism, I could not help fancying that some fair Florentine with arched eyebrows and a cameo profile, might be induced by the musical intonation of his voice and charm of the conversation it embodied, to forget his want of Cecil-ian beauty,—and herself.

I will defy any man, (except Danby) to whom one of those cordial beings deigns to

devote herself, to remain long insensible. There is something in the frank simplicity of a well-conditioned Italian nature, that makes one fling aside one's mask of worldliness, as a man strips off his coat on perceiving his antagonist in a match of fisticuffs, about to appear in cuerpo;—a generous serviceability, begetting devotion in return.—

Even if endowed with all Danby's superiorities, I *could* not have resisted the sisterly assiduities of that dear gracious and graceful Princess L**i! (Princess, however, constitutes so stately and grandiloquent a word in English prose, that I may as well un-princess her on the spot, and call her at once, as her husband and Milanese friends used to call her, and we all *felt* her, "Nunziata!")—It is absurd, however, for such women to pretend to treat one with sisterly assiduities. Nunziata was one of the prettiest creatures I ever beheld.—She was that rare anomaly, an Italian blonde,—the offspring of the Austrian Governor of Milan, by

a daughter of one of the noblest houses of old Lombardy. Her hair and complexion, therefore, were of Swabian fairness; while the outline of her features displayed the indented under lip, the finely chiselled nose, the flexible and expressive eyebrow and oval contour, so often and so ravishingly perpetuated by Titian or Giorgione.—I could figure to myself one of their auburn Adonises tearing himself from the arms of such a Venus!—I know not how old she was,—eighteen or eight and twenty;—I should as soon have thought of guessing how many hours the rose in my bosom had been diffusing its fragrance, as the age of Princess L** i.—Her beauty, whether of heart or person, was half girl, half woman,—mature as perfection, yet natural as the nature of a child.—

From the moment of our introduction, she devoted her time to the reserved but distinguished English invalid. But so distinct is the open-heartedness that calls itself coquetry

in Italy, from the coquetry that calls itself open-heartedness in England, that I did not for a single second attribute to *her* the artifices of a Lady Brettingham, or fancy that it was to reach Cecil, she soothed and cherished his elder brother.—I was careful not to point out to him that she *was* soothing him or cherishing, which I knew would cause our post-horses to be ordered on the morrow; but flattered myself that, before he became cognizant of the fact, the silken web would have been spun around him, compelling him to happiness and peace.—And so, I used to ride off and leave them together upon their mules on the mountain side; or seated on the margin of the river listening to each other, and fancying they were listening to its brawling voice.—The most artful of chaperons could not have more maternally protected a flirtation between her fifth daughter and the heir to thirty thousand a year.—

But, alas! manœuvres were thrown away

upon natures so exalted and so candid as those of Danby and Nunziata. At the end of a week, she talked to me about him as freely as though she had been talking of her child.—

"What is the matter with him—I beseech you what is the matter with him?" said she. "Is it of sorrow or disease he is perishing?—For perishing he is!—Believe me or not, as you please,—but that noble bosom has in it the germ of death!"—

I could not help feeling that the bosom which resisted *her* tenderness must indeed be half-alive;—but seriously trusted that the surprise of finding one man in the world capable of indifference to her affection, might have deceived her.—

"We English are never *very* lively people," said I.—"You must not judge of Danby's cold deportment by comparison with such a *cicada* as Litta, or Cariati, or any other of your demonstrative countrymen;—nor fancy that,

because the serene temper of my brother forms a striking contrast to the arbitrary impetuosity of such talkers as our friend Tchitserchiff, and others of yonder voluble Sclavonians, he must be ill!"—

"I only wish," she replied,—and methought there were tears in her eyes as she answered me,—"that I was likely to deceive myself!—A person really unhappy—unhappy to death,—is to me a novel spectacle. I have seen people suffer from what are called sorrows of the heart,—poor flimsy sorrows, arising from the levity of some giddy woman, the capriciousness of some ungrateful prince, or the severity of some ambitious father.—But I never saw genuine sorrow till now, till *this*;—this is despair,—this is death,—this is that biting frost of the soul which withers up leaf and life together.—There is no re-creating a feeling in that broken broken heart!"—

I knew it.—I began to see that it was so; to see it all the more cruelly that Danby

uttered no complaints, either of suffering or sorrow. He tried to talk like other people,—he tried to smile like other people,—he even tried to eat, drink, and sleep like other people. But his food nourished him not, and his sleep afforded no refreshment:—the inward principle of life was rent in twain!—

I wish my enemy's dog no bitterer curse than to watch, day after day, the decline of a valued and beloved being, whose enfeeblement it might be fatal to notice. I saw him wasting;—I found him overcome by every trifling fatigue. Yet there was nothing to be done,—nothing to be said,—nothing to be administered.—I could only trust to the influence of Time the comforter!—His wound was yet green.—I could still trust to time!—

It was something to have obtained such an auxiliary as the kind-hearted being who seemed to appreciate intuitively in Danby, the high qualities apparent to *me* through the development of years. Princess L**i was a woman

of rare qualities;—one of those who regard the mission of her sex upon earth, as one of peace and consolation; as though it were the duty of the daughters of Eve to leave no good deed undone in expiation of the fault of the common mother. Wherever a kind act was to be accomplished, an effort of charity performed, *there* was Nunziata!—Like Paraclete the Comforter, her task was a task of mercy; and her passage on earth might have been traced like that of the angels who wandered so familiarly there in the olden time, by the balm dropping from her wings. It is true that, like most women with German blood in their veins, her susceptibilities were morbidly excitable; and the murmur of the wind among the poplars, the shadowing of clouds before the moon, filled her with mystical apprehensions.—Nature seemed to speak to Nunziata in other tones than to other mortals, or rather *her* ears were prone to discern hidden meanings in the ordinary tones of nature; and to all these

bewilderments of sensibility, was added the energetic demonstrativeness of an Italian nature. The fervid love of art engendered by early association with the fine creations of Italy, suggested higher imaginings than might have been expected from so fair a creature.—

She was what is called grossly ignorant; that is, she had little book-learning. But she knew all that can be acquired by an intelligent spirit from the schooling of the noblest objects in nature; — mountains and lakes, — a sky which indeed typifies the Heaven of mmortal souls,—an earth which could almost reconcile one to mortality;—and the chef-d'œuvres of ancient art, had looked at her with their earnest eyes, till they imparted a more intimate insight into the prodigies of inspiration.—She thought and talked, as though her mind had been schooled among the Mighty Ones who have bequeathed to Italy trophies devised only as decorations of the palaces of the great, yet constituting the

highest source of national glory; by creating within the mildewed palace and desolate monastery indications of beauty as divine as the blue skies of Naples, or the misty summits of the Apennines. For the wealth wherewith Italy hath been endowed by Raphael and Titian, Michael Angelo and Salvator Rosa, is a richer dowry than all the withered crowns of laurels, bequeathed by all the Cæsars of the Capitol!—

Such a woman was worthy to be the companion of Danby; the very scholar to sit listening at his feet, while, as with an angel's tongue, he expounded the history of the objects of her veneration; and put even Time under his feet, by calling up anew by the magic of his mild eloquence, the marvels of "the most high and palmy state of Rome;" or investing her own fair province,

The pleasant garden of great Italy,

with its raiment of glory, — as first aroused

from the slumber of the night of ages at the revival of the arts, under the sceptre of the great ancestors of Nunziata.—

I trusted to this congeniality of spirit to create a friendship, such as that of Alfieri for Madame d'Albany. But when Nunziata sometimes burst forth in his presence, into one of those gushes of enthusiasm with which the skies and soil of Italy appear to endow her children, as the Alpine heights generate the beauteous streams destined to convey fertility and joy to the vales below, the mind's-ear of Danby listened,—but his heart stopped its ears.—He, to whom the sternness of Dante, the sweetness of Petrarca, the simplicity of Boccaccio, were familiar as household words, seemed as though he did not recognize the currency of that affluence of language, an inheritance to this lovely woman from the immortal fathers of her land's language.—

His spirit was far away. His spirit was in

the past. His spirit was in the old library at Ormington Hall, with a fair child clinging to his knees, whose mind was nourished by the pelican-like outpourings of his own.—He remembered what his daughter had been;—how sweet, how duteous, how full of promise. He remembered all he had trusted she would become,—

> Polite as all her life in courts had been,
> Yet good as she the world had never seen:—

contemplating, with the indulgence of high enlightenment, the weaknesses of human nature; yet sharing in its mercy and charity, as as if undistinguished from the throng.—And to turn from such contemplations to think of her as a toy of a thoughtless boy,—to be loved and laid aside with fifty others when the gloss of novelty was worn away!—To have had his own devotedness, his own paternal adoration, set at nought for the caprice of a Frank Walsingham!—And worse than all this, to reflect on all she might become as the companion of

the frivolous women and soul-less men, his chosen associates ;—

> The thousand sacrilegious cursed hours
> Which such a marriage

might have in store !—

No wonder the father's cheek was so wan ;—no wonder he turned so careless an ear to the exalted words or soothing whispers of the dear kind Princess !—my attention more and more painfully directed to his infirmities, by whose anxious interposition, I soon began to see that his noble mind was, at times, almost overthrown.—After long reveries and solitary walks, his smile became almost ghastly, nor were his words always coherent.

I trembled to perceive it !—I was alone with him there,—in that obscure spot of a foreign country.—As if utterly to divorce himself from thoughts of home, he had chosen at Paris to send back to England his personal attendant and engage a foreign servant. Should any mischance betide him, what might not be said,

what might not be surmised, at the instigation of those two hard-hearted old people, Lord Ormington and his own man, who had so little scrupled to heap suppositious crimes upon my head!—

From the moment this dreadful idea entered my mind, my life became a penance.—If I lost sight of Danby for an hour, I became terrified to a degree that rendered me far more infirm of judgment than himself. At times, I was almost frantic. I watched him and watched him, yet apprehended nothing so much as that he should suppose me on the watch.—My eye was ever upon him, as though I anticipated hereafter the dread interrogatory that struck terror to the soul of Cain!—"WHERE IS THY BROTHER!"

It would not have been so, but for my shameful position in Lord Ormington's family! This also,—even this last and bitter curse,—was entailed upon me by the fault of my mother!—

## CHAPTER III.

Beneath a row
Of lemon trees, which there did proudly grow,
And with bright stores of golden fruit repay
The light they drank from the sun's neighbouring ray,
(A small but artful Paradise) they walked.

COWLEY.

Intus et in jecore agro
Nascuntur Domini.

PERSIUS.

IT is strange enough that I should have discovered in the unusual restlessness of Lord Ormington, demonstrated in setting his house in order, and perpetually travelling from Lancashire to town and home again as a mere relief to his irritability of mind,—symptoms of a final break up of his constitution; yet that it should be from directly contrary indications I inferred mischief for my brother!—

Danby, so active, so self-denying, so late a watcher, so early a riser, so untirable a lover of exercise, was now overcome by indolence.—All he seemed to desire was to be let alone in his own room,—where he pretended to occupy himself with books or writing, yet neither wrote nor read;—but sat interrogating the past,—interrogating the future,—interrogating his own soul, as people do in that terrible consciousness of the decay of their mortal nature, when the time that is gone acquires new and terrible existence from its connection with time that is to come.—An expression of the lower Irish Catholics, which I have heard used by O'Brien, of "making one's soul,"—(synonymous with the "*faire son salut*" of the French peasant,) has always struck me as more forcible than grotesque!—

But even in this occupation, the spiritual desires of my brother were frustrated by the overweening influence of that one affection!—Thoughts of what she was doing, what she was

saying,—surmises whether her infatuation were subsiding or happily permanent, overpowered his nobler aspirations and dragged him down to earth.—When in society he heard an anecdote touching upon the follies or vices of the day, I have seen the colour mount into his wan cheeks, as though Walsingham were expressly designated; while trivial incidents of the most general nature, were, by the morbid feelings of the broken-hearted father, twisted into connection with Jane.—

One day, we had agreed to accompany the L***is with the Mitchelstons, to visit at Lucca (which is at a two hour's distance from the Baths,) the ducal gallery, then undispersed. —In passing through the city, Danby had been too much indisposed for the effort; but now that he was what is called convalescent, the Prince, a kind warm-hearted old man, full of Italian enthusiasm for his country in general, and his little grand duke and little grand duchy in particular, insisted upon showing us the

lions of the duodecimo capital.—We were to end the day by dining at his own Palazzo; where he possessed a fine old library, containing treasures as great in their way as the Virgin of the Candelabrum and three Carracci of his royal master.—

It was a phenomenon worthy of Italy, by the way, that little Etruscan kingdom! the coin of whose treasury consisted in Raphaels, Carraccis, Fra Bartolomeos, Guercinos, Barroccios, Domenichinos, Gherardos, and Francias, instead of the vulgar sovereigns, shillings and pence,—livres and louis d'ors,—constituting the palpable effects of such banks as are above issuing I. O. U.s to the public! The wealth of our friend the Prince was almost equally characteristic;—consisting nearly as much in cabinets of pietra-dura, containing missals and monkish MSS., as in olive gardens or vineyards.—His fine collections would however have been better placed, both for the sake of the world and the L * * i family, in the

Ambrosian library at Milan, than in his obscure palace at Lucca, overlooked by all the world save a miserable professor or two, and a few fusty friars.—

On visiting the palace, the Prince's librarian recited a sonnet in honour of his illustrissimi English visitors, during which operation Lady Mitchelston giggled so incessantly that the dear good Princess, really believing her English friend to be suffering from an *attaque de nerfs*, presented her with a flacon of one of those delicious Florentine restoratives from Santa Maria di Novello, that seem a concentration of all the sweetness of Italy;—and at the close of the exhibition of a series of bibliographic phenomena, such as old Droneby would have expired in ecstasy on beholding, (ere he was dunced by lawn sleeves,) the Prince presented to Lord Mitchelston a magnificent Loughi,—the original being in his own gallery, and to my brother half a dozen curious volumes which Danby had signalized by his notice.—

That night, as we returned to the Baths, Danby bore better than usual with the prattle of the women of our party; and seemed struck by the effects of the mountain scenery, viewed through the deceptive medium of moonlight, which confers beauty as a veil does on a bride. He seemed even sorry when our refreshing drive was over; and on reaching home, instead of retiring to rest, sat down near the open window to look over the books, the munificent gift of our friend the Principe.

I was reading the newspaper, not attending to him, satisfied that in the pages of Apollonius he would find nothing *very* exciting to his feelings; when chancing suddenly to look up, I found tears dropping heavily from his eyes upon the open book. A minute afterwards, he closed it and left the room; when I had the curiosity to take up the volume, and ascertain by the moistened leaf what passage had thus moved his sensibility.

It was the story of RHÆCUS!—Do my readers

happen to know it?—If not, permit me to stand interpreter to that renowned poet of Rhodes, who, in the days of Ptolemy Evergetes succeeded Eratosthenes as librarian at Alexandria;—librarian, not after the fashion of my well-beloved Andrews or trusty Ebers,—but like the learned Pundits at the British Museum, who cannot shake their well-powdered heads but the dust of ages flies out like pepper from a castor; and who every now and then get be-knighted for enlightening our darkness.

In those passing pleasant days of the olden time, when the Earth and Sky were on a more familiar footing than at present,—having a general visiting acquaintance which too frequently rendered gods and demi-gods defendants in Doctors' Commons, and induced goddesses to put on masquerading beards and become private tutors to young gentlemen, as in the case of the son and heir of the wise Ulysses,—one RHÆCUS, a youth of Thessaly, by saving a fine forest-tree from the axe, to

which it had been condemned by a spendthrift lord in a considerable fall of timber to pay off his score at the Crockey's of Argos, so charmed the heart of its Hamadryad, that she deigned to manifest herself before him in all the beauty of her nymphhood.—RHÆCUS instantly became as much enamoured of the querculana as he had been already pleased with her oak. But the nymph was cruel; and RHÆCUS, (doubtless the man of Thessaly designated even to these our times by the nursery rhyme, as having jumped into a quickset hedge and scratched out both his eyes,)—threw himself into the boughs wherein his beauty of the woods had taken shelter, praying among the leaves for leave to love.—

His entreaties were fruitless! Her boughs yielded not to *his* bows, and for every sigh, she gave him a rough bark. The Hamadryad evidently did not care a twig for him!—Yet he remained prostrate in the grass at the foot of her tree,—*latet anguis in herba.*

At length, by dint of daily watering her roots with his tears, Rhæcus contrived to soften that heart of oak. The Hamadryad smiled, or promised to smile, upon him.—A gentle voice whispered to him through the twilight, from amid the waving branches, that in some happy hour when the night breeze was agitating her clustering leaves, and the violets in the turf at her feet were fragrant with the tepid dew of a Grecian midnight, he might return. Renouncing her ethereal superiority, she promised to become his own!—A bee, she said, should murmur the gentle message in his ear, when time and tide prospered their hopes of happiness.—

Now RHÆCUS was a *roué!*—By consorting in the theatres and dice-houses with the discarded *vauriens* of Thrace or Attica,—the exquisites of Athens,—the scamps of Rhodes, Rhæcus had acquired a taste for dissipation;—*tranchons le mot*,—he was a decided gambler. One day, as he sat in the porch of a wine-house, throwing

dice with Dorsaiodorus and Duncomiades, Fortune showed herself more than usually adverse,—jealous perhaps of the Hamadryad!—Rhæcus was in a vein of ill-luck. He had not a talent left,—not even that of divination!—

Growing peevish, as losing men are apt to do, he upbraided the gods, the goddesses, and all belonging to them;—when lo! at that moment of irritation, the importunate hum of an insect murmured in his ear!—Another moment, and it was crushed beneath his sandal! —*Be* a Hamadryad's bee,—*be* the chosen messenger of love,—to be thus wantonly martyrized!—

I was always a desperate bad hand at telling a story. I invariably leave out the sting, even when the point lies with a bee. But those who want to read the sad description of the expectant Hamadryad, watching for her dissolute lover,—the gradual perishing of her tree,—the mournful extinction of a fond, deserted woman, devoted heart and soul to an unworthy object,

had better study it in the original. — *Vide* Apollonius.

Half a dozen lines describing the anguish of a woman outraged by the ingratitude of him on whom she has squandered her affections, had sent my brother "weeping to his bed!"—

At length, the state of his health and mind became so rapidly worse, that I wrote explicitly to my sister begging her to consult confidentially with the Walsinghams and Lord Ormington, as to their joining us on the Continent, or framing some pretext to entreat his return to England. It was a great relief to my mind when the letter was despatched. With that singular power of creating attachments, peculiar to Danby, or more candidly, to the Danby family, my brother had already so wrought upon the regard of Nunziata and the veneration of the Prince, (who admired him as an Admirable Crichton or Picus de Mirandola, as much as the Princess cherished him for the elevation of his views and sweetness of

his manners,) that they entreated our permission to accompany us to Genoa; where, on pretence of a right English longing after sea air, I persuaded my brother to indulge me with a three weeks' sojourn, while awaiting the answer to my appeal to Mrs. Herries.

There was something almost ludicrous in the Cicerone-like assiduity of the poor prince,—"The best natur'd man, with the worst natur'd muse,"—who could scarcely forbear exclaiming in the words of Molière's *importun*, "*Je voudrais que quelqu'un s'anisât de vous donner des coups de bâton, pour vous faire voir comme je vous défendrais!*" But his devotedness was quite genuine. He would have gone to the very extremity of the toe of Italy, to do service to one of the few men in Europe who could construe all the books in the L**i collection without a lexicon!—

We had a pleasant tour of it to the city of palaces;—but on taking up our abode in the Palazzo D— in the Via Balbi, belonging to a

half-brother of the Principessa, I felt overpowered by a vague presentiment of evil, which I could as little justify as surmount.—The amphitheatre of hills cutting off the city from the sunny realm beyond, seemed to compel one into fellowship with the dull inmates of those dingy wildernesses of lustreless marble and ponderous velvet,—so much less alive, by the way, than the portraits of their ancestors upon the walls.—

Danby was not well enough to take much heed of either the real or pictorial population of our fine apartments, which were richly encrusted with alabaster of Gazzo, elaborate gilding, and fine frescoes. But every day, he used to indulge himself with a lonely saunter up and down the adjoining terrace, whereof the parapet was bordered by orange and lemon trees, and the Indian fig, in colossal vases of sculptured marble;—which commanded a view of the bay over the ledge-like roofs and flower-laden terraces of the city;—the gay and ver-

dure-mantled arches connecting the inequalities of ground in the suburbs;—the promontory of Monte Fino, and the blue waters of the bay, whereon one so readily imagines the fleets of Doria or Durazzo, riding proudly at anchor.—

But I suspect that the solitary thoughts of the invalid were neither of the ancient glories of the maritime republic, nor the beauties of the gorgeous city compressed between its ramparts of gulph and mountain. What were the splendours of Santa Maria di Cariguano to eyes yearning after the glories of a higher sphere?—His mind was elsewhere. His heart was elsewhere. Who indeed could even conjecture the reveries of a soul like his, when, weary of wrestling with the ills of life, its last struggle consists in a prayer to Heaven that "this cup may pass away!"

A sprinkling of philosophy, it has been said, leads to irreligion, while profound philosophy brings us back to the foot of the altar.—I never saw a mind more thoroughly religious

than that of my brother. He was not a man to *argue* of the faith that was in him; but his love of GOD was apparent through his love of the creatures of GOD, the surest demonstration of pious gratitude.—He had moved through life a benefactor to all around him; valuing himself only as a means of good to his fellow men.—

And now that his task of activity was over, he prepared himself for death, not as one reluctant to tear himself from the things of this world, but as if fearing only it might be criminal to rejoice in his prospects of release.—I could perceive that he felt himself growing worse, by the way in which he gradually overcame his regrets for the child who had renounced him; and began to comfort himself with hopes of rejoining the two not lost but gone before,—the angel and the cherub,—the wife and child,—whom GOD had called prematurely to HIMSELF, in order to lighten the shadow of Death for one of his elect!—

Very often would he sit in silence, looking to the stars, as if lost in holy speculations as to the hour and manner of his reunion with those beloved beings!—What was to *me* the loss of all hope, was to him its commencement.—*His* life was beginning, because, alas! it was soon to end.—

The L * * is were even more overpowered than myself by sad forebodings; for my brother's Italian servant confided to them the secret of his sleepless nights and evil symptoms, which he had been forbidden to disclose to myself. — They insisted upon further advice being called in;—and poor Danby smiled as he gave his hand assentingly to Nunziata, in answer to her earnest entreaties.—

"*E finito, cara amica!*" said he;—"spare me the only regret I could have to suffer at this moment,—the sight of your tears; and rejoice with me that your's and the Prince's generous friendship, has combined with my brother's devoted attachment, to solace my passage to the grave!"—

My Public,—the rain of this pluviose season is beating against my window as I write, and I am neither strong in health nor strong in spirits.—Deign to be indulgent with me.—I would fain expatiate upon those ensuing weeks, not for *my* pleasure, but *your* profit;—for the last days of a good man, like the last days of a bad monarchy, are replete with instruction. But I have not courage to write about it. I had hardly strength then to wear an unconscious countenance, while watching, day after day, the golden sands drop one by one from his hour-glass;—and were I to recur to it now, it would be a gratuitous renewal of torture.—

One night,—(though anxious and alarmed, I did not even then suspect that he had only two days to live,)—I was roused from sleep by a faint light in my room; and opening my eyes, saw Danby place the watch-light on a distant table, and approach my bed-side.—Thinking me still asleep, he stood with his arms folded, mournfully contemplating me.—

"Poor fellow,—poor Cecil!"—murmured he. "A few short days, and he will be lonely in the world,—lonely as I am now!"—

After fixing his eyes upon me for many minutes with wistful interest, he placed his cold wasted hand slightly upon mine as it lay on the coverlet; then passed it over his lips. He had abstained from pressing them to *my* hand, lest he should disturb me; yet could not altogether subdue the yearning of that hour of terror after the touch of some congenial thing! —My precious brother!—It was not possible to resist this.—Raising myself on my pillow, I threw my arms around him, and pressed him fondly and fervently to my heart.—

"Forgive me!" said he,—"I did not think to disturb you.—I have often before entered your chamber, unobserved, when you were asleep.— I have long lost the comfort of rest; and it reminds me of *them*, dear Cecil, to look upon your face."—

"Be comforted!" said I—"Jane is coming!

—Nearly a month since, I wrote to apprize her of your illness, and require her immediate presence.—I am daily—hourly—expecting her! —To-morrow, perhaps, she may be in your arms!——"

I could feel him start, folded as he was in mine; and without a word spoken, he relinquished his hold, and, probably lest I should perceive how deeply his feelings were shaken, quitted the room.—

Would to heaven my lips had been blistered, ere they hazarded this exciting announcement to the poor invalid!—Till then, he had resigned his mind to a death of calmness and religious consolation. But I had roused the touch of human tenderness anew in his heart; and its pulses were no longer strong enough to bear the perturbation.—

On the morrow, he met me with sparkling eyes and cheeks fevered by excitement. I did not seem to know him again; and Nunziata, when she came with the Prince to pay her

daily visit to our apartments, glanced towards me with a heightened colour, as her eye met his.—She saw that nature was preparing for one of her last, desperate efforts.

"Cecil has summoned my daughter hither," said he, addressing her;—"very unnecessarily; —for after all, with his kind care and the attention of my friends, what can I want more? —But he assures me she is coming.—You will see her, dear Princess!—Do not prepare yourself for one of the regular beauties of your land of beauty. But I think you will admit the countenance of my girl to be interesting.—She is the image of her mother!"—

And as he spoke, his eye gleamed, and his cheek flushed, with the unavowed consciousness that his girl was one of the brightest prodigies of creation.—

Luckily for me, the L * *is were still with us when the post came in. There was no letter for my brother,—there were four for *me*.—Danby saw that they were from England.—

"Does she *come?*" said he, in a hoarse voice, when he saw me unfold one of them in Walsingham's hand-writing.—

"The Herrieses and Lord Ormington are anxious she should defer the journey," said I, as calmly as I could.—"It seems that in her present situation, a sea voyage at this time of year——"

I did not conclude. My brother had fallen back senseless in his chair; and while the Prince and I were bearing him into his chamber, Nunziata flew off to send for medical assistance.—

He had received his death-blow in that cruel disappointment. He knew that all was over for him;—that even if he were to write himself entreating her presence, she must now arrive too late!—

What would he have felt had he perused that letter!—Frank Walsingham, though an excellent fellow, was not a man of refined sensibilities; and gave me half jocularly to under-

stand that it was clear I found my task of nurse to a hypochondriac a bore, and wanted to get companions in the task. His wife's situation was evidently a mere pretext; for he spoke of having country engagements for the winter, at Walsingham Castle and to different members of his family, which would render it very difficult to leave England.

"However," added he, in the last page, "if you think there is any absolute necessity for our being on the spot, *we will come.*"—

Even the letters of my sister Julia and her husband were far from what I expected at such a crisis.—Herries informed me that the infirmities of Lord Ormington's health and mind had, since the departure of Danby for the continent, so rapidly increased, that he could not at present take upon himself the responsibility of announcing to him my brother's precarious state.

"I should strongly advise you," wrote the prudent counsellor, "to procure the best ad-

vice and attendance for him, and return immediately to England, if your invalid be well enough to attempt the journey. He is clearly too far advanced to derive permanent advantage from mildness of climate.—If he should sink under the exertion, you will have the comfort of knowing that you did your duty in attempting to restore him to the bosom of his family; and under such circumstances, (since it is wiser to be prepared for the worst,) allow me to suggest that Julia and I are of opinion it will be expected that the body should be brought back to England!"—

Julia too,—*et tu Brute!*—Oh! the result of spending one's life with a hard-souled,—arid-natured man!—

That day was the last of my dear brother's existence!—He called me to his bedside at night,—(he was no longer strong enough to wander to mine;)—and bad me bring him from his desk the paper containing the two locks of hair I had seen him deposit there in Connaught

Place. Having taken them out and gazed upon them for a moment, he tried to place them in a gold medallion which he drew from his bosom, and which, till that moment, I had never noticed his wearing.

But his hands were so weak that he could not succeed in opening the spring; and he was obliged to have recourse to my assistance.—

I then readily perceived that the bright brown hair within the locket was that of my niece;—warm,—warm with the warmth of her dying father's heart!—

"I had to request of you, Cecil," said he, in a voice the hoarseness of which was only too fatally expressive,—"that this may go with me to my grave.—A foolish wish!—but there is something ——"

He did not find voice to finish the sentence.—

"One word more," said he,—after an afflicting pause, during which his hand was enlaced

in mine.—"You have often heard me blame the presumption of those who cause their remains to be removed from one land into another.—I feel that I have little pretext for such a wish,—I feel its futility—and despise myself.—But if my dust *could* commingle with that of those loved ones at Ormington!—You have been a faithful brother to me, Cecil;—in this also, even in this, be faithful."

My tears answered for me.—It was a terrible night,—terrible for *me*.—Even for *him*,—so resigned, so good,—it was a terrible night!—

On the morrow, he died,—and I was alone!—

## CHAPTER IV.

Alles was mit Sehnsucht und Entzücken
Hier am Staub' ein edles Herz erfüllt,
Schwindet gleich des Herbstes Sonnenblicken
Wenn ein Sturm den Horizont umhüllt.
Die am Abend freudig sich umfassen
Sieht die Morgenröthe schon erblassen;
Selbst der Freundschaft und der Liebe Glück
Lässt auf Erden keine Spur zurück.

But for that earnest death-bed promise to my brother, I would have buried him in Italy; have buried him under that blessed sky, overshadowed by a tuft of noble pines and cypresses to survive for centuries over his grave.—

For I felt that England did not deserve him. England had not prized him as he ought to have been prized,—had not loved him as he merited to be loved.—Our gloomy family

vault,—the refuge of ennobled obscurity,—could send forth no laurels to consecrate his ashes!—He should have slept his last sleep in that land of the mighty dead whose spirits still sway us from their urns.—There is nothing in commercial, matter-of-fact, prison-discipline England, congenial with the elevation of a soul like his.—Yet how would he have reproved me for such expressions; he, who estimated all mental superiority by its availability to the melioration of the human race!—

I obeyed his injunctions to the letter.—I brought back my dead to rejoin his dead.—I laid his head by the side of Arthur's in the grave;—and

Blossom and bough lay withered with one blight!—

I shall never forget my sensations the first time I attempted to pass an evening in Connaught Place, and found the house looking if possible more bright and cheery than ever.—Blazing winter fires and candle-light, imparted

that happy household comfort which I would fain never have witnessed again within those walls!—Frank Walsingham made no secret of being the happiest of mankind, (I am afraid such is the frailty of our nature, that the removal of his benefactor was a relief!)—and Jane, with her hand clasped in her husband's, and comforted by her prospects of maternity, was more than half reconciled to her loss. The husband had thoroughly superseded the father.—The child to come was beginning to give the preponderating weight to the newer tie.—Such is the order of nature;—and the order of nature, by rooting up our natural attachments, purports only to enhance the value of a world where LOVE is immutable.—

I had returned to England for that one mournful purpose:—it was fulfilled, and I was in haste to depart. CECIL was not wanted.—If Danby had been dispensed with, who was to care for *me?*—The Walsinghams were happy,—Lord Ormington comfortably domiciled with

my sister and her husband in Hanover Square. They were as little to me, as I to them.—I determined to return to the Continent. — If it contained no one I cared about, or who cared for *me*, more than my native country, it contained at least no hourly mementos of my isolation.—

I had business in town connected with the last will of my brother—of which I was executor and trustee for the interests of his daughter, to whom he bequeathed his personalty and every thing in his power,—which must detain me for a week or two;—and it was in the course of one of my hurried drives from St. James's Place to Lincoln's Inn Fields, that I one day all but locked my wheel, in Long Acre, with that of a tall phaeton, in which, furred to the chin, sat Lord Harris!—As I live and breathe, the fellow looked me full in the face and cut me dead!—No,—it was no mistake,—for I said, "How are you, Harris?"—in my most affable tone, and after a deliberate survey

of my person, he turned away.—I dare say I was altered.—Affliction changes people, and mourning changes people; but does not change them so much that when they say, "how are you," to an old acquaintance, he has the slightest pretence for forgetfulness.—

That night at White's, the mystery was explained. I had noticed in our temporary collision that he looked as big as ten Lord Harrises, and half as big as Herries when he was saying "OUR relations with Spain."—His lordship had achieved greatness, by the means through which I had declined having it thrust upon myself.—According to the Spanish proverb, "The toad had said to the tadpole, 'thou art a flower!'"—The day was fixed for his union with Tchindagore Park!—

On finding from their solicitor and their kinsman the E. I. C. Lt. Col. that the virtuous Marcia had no chance of making hersel any thing through public chastisement of CECIL, except eminently ridiculous, the Crutchleys

had betaken themselves, according to their annual custom, to Cheltenham, for the dejaundicement of the heiress's complexion and the continuance of her ladyship's rubber.—It was there that, after falling out with *me*, they fell in with Lord Harris.

*Tel brille au second rang, qui s'eclipse au premier,*

and the ex-excellency,—a blank in London,—was a prize at Cheltenham.

I know not whether it were poor Sir Marmaduke's insurance plate of Seringapatam that inspired the Crutchleys with their taste for Orders: but they doated on a bit of tabby ribbon;—and on this ground, Harris was the very man for them. On levee days, he shone a star of stars.—During his triumph of favouritism, he had been in correspondence with half the ministers of half the crowned heads of Europe; and *his* letters had been repaid by letters patent. He was not only Guelphed and St. Michael-and-St. Georged at

home, but belonged to the Ferdinand of Spain, the Tower and Sword of Portugal, St. George of Russia, Maria Theresa of Austria, Crescent of the Ottoman Empire, Elephant of Denmark, Black and Red Eagle, and the Lord knows how many heraldic birds and beasts beside.— Impossible to see a more complete constellation of a man!—

All this had been gorgeous when displayed upon the shrunken dignity of an obsolete Ambassador, the preceding spring: but now that his chest was inflated by the prescience of ten thousand a year, and his nose beginning to be Bardolphic with renewed anticipations of good cheer, he impended over London as one of the most pompous of its pomposities.—

The happy pair were preparing to do it very grand indeed. The Crutchley diamonds and the aigrette of uncut sapphires were re-setting; and a glaring town chariot, with festooned window blinds, and a travelling carriage wrought about with divers colours, were on

view in the Acre; attracting crowds before the coachmaker's door, as when a royal equipage is being sent out by government as a flummerification to the King of Ashantee, or Prince Royal of the Malaccas. A service of plate with the Harris coat of arms in all its dignities of coronet and supporters, emblazoned in frosted silver upon the sauce boats and salt-cellars, was in preparation at Storr and Mortimer's—a gift from Lady Crutchley, who seemed to fancy that her roast beef would be unpalatable, unless the dish from which it smoked, were dignified by the heraldic specifications of her son-in-law.

Marcia was strangely mistaken, however, if she expected the Lady Grindleshams and Duchesses of Walmer to trouble their heads about a Lady Harris, as they had done about a Miss Crutchley. Ten thousand a year in the market, and ten thousand a year taking its modest place among the colossal fortunes of the aristocracy, are very different things. The

utmost Lord and Lady Harris could hope to achieve was to be accepted on sufferance in a few of the best houses, as new people who, by dint of pains-taking and beating out their gold into leaf for gilding, had attracted notice; and lionizing in a secondary set, where a Lord is always a Lord, even if the Lord knows whom.

I went back to Italy.—I wanted the solace of its climate.—I wanted to escape from the coldness, moral and physical, of England.—England is too prosperous, too busy, for those who are in trouble.—It kicks against the pricks, till one's soul grows bitter with the sense of what Meta Klopstock called the friendshipless-ness of the land.

In Italy, the floods of noon-day light melting into a sort of living darkness, a spiritual clear-obscure that keeps one company during the night season,—the mournful sound of its monastic bells,—the permanence of its per-

petual verdure,—accord better with the loneliness of a sorrowing heart.

As the good Prince used often to say, "our very land is a monument,—the monument of a glorious past."

As I passed through Genoa and sojourned a day in the Palazzo D——, in order to ruminate a few solitary hours on the terrace and see the sun go down from its marble height, suspended over the city as I trusted the spirit of him to whom it had been as the garden of Gethsemane now hovered over the spot, conjoined with the eternal harmony of Heaven.—It was at once an elevating and depressing thought to consider how little that great mind had effected of the noble purposes of its youth: how human affections preponderating over its inspirations, had clung to the wings of Genius and impeded their flight. It is almost always thus!—But for such deteriorating influences, great men would become *too* great!—While

the mean and trivial fret themselves into notoriety, hundreds of mighty souls are hourly crushed by the contending afflictions and littlenesses of life,—

> And live and die unheard
> With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

The name of Danby, which ought to be united with the brightest records of the land's language, will, in a few years, be forgotten; nay, is already forgotten:—that of Brummell, —nay, even that of CECIL,—is more widely known. What atoms are the best of us in the scale of creation!—Our only fault is to dream of being more than atoms!—That majestic mind is gone to rejoin the rampart of light whose brightness surrounds the Eternal Throne;—and when one reflects on that ultimate destination, how poor the award of a discoloured marble in Westminster Abbey,—of a likeness in the printseller's windows,—or a few dusty volumes on the shelves of the booksellers!

My readers will of course sagaciously con-

clude that my object in Italy was to rejoin the Prince and Princess.—There was a sweetness in the one, a sobriety in the other, according well with my saddened mood.—I knew I should be perfectly happy with them,—I *was* perfectly happy with them — because my perfection of present happiness was to be reflective,—tranquil,—finding my joy in human affection, and my peace in that which passeth human understanding.—

In compassion to my restlessness, they accompanied me on a tour through Switzerland; that chaos of fertility and barrenness, where one seems to come to a closer hug with nature; and the only mountain scenery with which I am acquainted where the echoes of the rocks do not repeat the signal of the bandit's whistle. —I was very sincere in the declaration which Miss Vavasour had thought proper to treat as rhodomontade,—of hating the labour of visiting picturesque countries. But the moment one gets out of conceit with the world, and

desirous of approaching nearer to the sphere of disembodied spirits, one begins to love the solitary mountain top whose rude surface repels the iron share of cultivation, and where even the Alpine plant trembles as it extends its fibres.

Nunziata's sympathy was with me both in heart and soul as regarded our mutual bereavement; and soothing indeed was such sympathy as hers!

> Lachrymæque decoræ
> Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus!

In the autumn, when weary of wandering, we betook ourselves to a beautiful villa belonging to the Prince, among the vineyards, a couple of miles from Lucca. It was a beautiful spot. A mountain river, brawling through the grounds, formed a curious contrast with the immobility of the marble statues looking out upon its fruitless turmoil from their niches in the clipped hedges of arbutus and box. Around

the house, were cool arcades, and temples of verdure,—all formality,—all quietude;—and the alcoves were covered in, at that season of abundance, with clusters of purple grapes, as if purposely to refresh us between the pauses of the books we read aloud, when weary of conversation.

Nunziata had a voice that seemed to render the numbers of Petrarca or Filicaja still more melodious; and

> *Lire des vers touchans, les lire d'un coeur pur*
> *C'est prier, c'est pleurer, et le mal est moins dur!*

My brother seemed always in the midst of us as I sat listening, in those green bowers, to holy or noble sentiments. For when my gentle friend grew weary of her task, and I felt unequal to indulge her with Shakspeare or Byron, the Prince kindly took his turn by reciting passages of his favourite classics,—the origin I am afraid of those shreds and patches of learning which I have never since been able to

eradicate from my brain; and which cause my pages to appear, as was good-naturedly observed by one of my best friends, as though I had been at a feast of the poets and stolen the scraps.—

If I *did* steal them it was because quite satisfied that the good old man should talk Greek to *me*, so long as my thoughts remained Hebrew to *him*.—My being there at all was as strange as the presence of the palm-trees flourishing in a snug nook of those delicious gardens,—natives of a far clime, and cherished rather for their associations with things brighter and holier than themselves, than for their intrinsic merit.

I was almost afraid I should weary the L**is, or they me, if I spent the winter with them, as they wished, at Lucca.—The habits of a small city, even if embroidered with a court, are usually so observant and so communicative of observation, that I was apprehensive my position might be an awkward one.

—I little knew Italy!—Italian society is, of all European communities, that which troubles itself least about its neighbours' business.—The L***is were adored; Nunziata as the mother of the poor, the Prince as the father of letters—good citizens,—lending each in their way their most effective aid to the commonweal.—It is impossible to conceive a happier existence than awaited the favoured stranger within their gates!—But "*heureux le peuple,*" says Montesquieu, "*dont l'histoire est ennuyeuse;*"—and "*ennuyeuse est l'histoire,*" say I, — where people are perfectly happy.—There is no occasion to put my Public to sleep with the lullaby of our domestic happiness. Heaven knows it has little need of narcotics, just now that the wisdom of the new ministry is about to place us upon velvet and wrap us in cotton for the remainder of our days.

At that very period, by the way, pretty nearly the same wooden ninepins were set up, for a new game of politics.—The Whigs

nad just been singularly non-plussed.—*De trop, ou de trop peu, partoût dans ce monde;* and they were lost by losing the noble lord who speechified for them in the Commons, and being unable to lose the noble lord who speechified for them *out* of the Lords:—Lord Brougham's ex-parliamentary eloquence, and Lord Spencer's political demise, rendering it necessary to be-Torify the country!—*Tout chemin méne à Rome!* They fetched Sir Robert Peel out of the corner and put Lord Melbourne *in* the corner; and we in Italy, while philosophizing over the English newspapers, in our luxurious superiority to the jars of states and statesmen, could not forbear smiling at the oracular manifesto to Tamworth, promising and vowing to undo nothing which had caused the country to be *undone;* and to do nothing which should cause the country to be *done:*—the old story!—Some people thought the new broom better than the old Brougham, as a broom that seemed to stick at nothing.—But

after all the promising and vowing, I cannot call to mind much that was done by that immaculate ministry, except to make Sir James Scarlet a peer.—

It was perhaps to console the Eternal City for the loss of Sir Robert Peel, extracted from it like an eye-tooth by the pincers of a government courier, or perhaps because I flattered myself that *I* might be fetched home to be placed like a patch over the raggedness of the affairs of the nation, that I persuaded Nunziata and her husband to conclude the winter, or rather commence the spring, at Rome.—We were there for the Holy Week; and a soothing thing it is to dwell in a house which, undivided against itself in matters of religion, continues to lay at the foot of the altar its tribute of all that is fairest to eye or ear;—sweet music,—sweet flowers,—sweet incense,—sweet portraiture of saintly faces,—in addition to prostration of soul, and thankfulness of heart. While the English Parliament was squab-

bling with the Dissenters, and plundering and persecuting in the name of the Lords by rendering the sacraments of the faith a constabulary question, and dogmatizing in the same breath concerning tithes, rates, and the thirty-nine articles,—(the venerable Mother Church screaming all the time like a Lucretia!)—it was delightful to offer up our prayers through the harmonies of Pergolese, and dwell together in unity with our Christian brethren!

It has been said that no one appreciates the courage of Luther, till he has assisted at the Easter ceremonies of St. Peter's. Stern as it was, I suspect it would have quailed had he anticipated the number of schisms into which *his* schism would be subdivided; a Babelonic confusion intended by the great fountain head of religious faith to frustrate the ambition of those who would fain ascend to heaven by distinctions altogether of this world.

As usual, all nations and languages were collected together at Rome for the annual

glorification;—among the English, the Mitchelstons, who had been waltzing away the winter at Naples; and the Mereworths who, released from official thraldom, had brought their son to the Continent to spare him the pain of witnessing the happiness of his first love as a wife and mother.—

In my opinion, they had better have stayed at home.—People who are encouraged to make pets of their griefs till, like other pets, they become overgrown and insupportable, are far less likely to be cured, than by exposure to the coercion of society of their own class and country.—We stand far more in awe of the sneers of our familiar friends, than of a stranger.—With his doating parents at his feet, and careless of the opinions of persons he was seeing for the first time and might never see again, Chippenham was growing abrupt, ungracious, and self-opinionated.—

The Italians shrugged their shoulders and called him an original!—Even I saw him in

some danger of becoming that odious thing —"an oddity."—

I detest singularity. In youth, it is an impertinence,—in mature age, a blunder. Wise people, compelled to move in a crowd, move *with* it, in order to avoid a struggle in which the crowd must ever have the best of it.—A man may entertain peculiar opinions; but to proclaim them by bray of trumpet, is worthy of an ass.—

"*Le pain de la vérité,*" says a great writer, "*n'est pas fait pour toutes les bouches. On prend un engagement onéreux contre le monde, dès-qu'on rompt en visière avec ses avis et son langage!*"—for the world is naturally ready to hurl a stone at him who acts as though he felt himself its superior.—

I do not wonder that the lad was disgusted with London.—As a *parti*, the eldest son of a wealthy peer, he had undergone all the besiegement which is either the most amusing or the most provoking thing in the world. Such

molestations must be taken tragically, or comically,—there is no medium. If free in hand and heart to divert oneself, it is pleasant enough to make dupes by affecting dupehood; and pretending to fall into a trap, so as to bring the Lady Grindleshams to the springe.—But Chipp chose to take matters *au tragique*.—Chipp, whose wounds were still smarting, was not in the humour to turn the tables. It bored him to death to have fifty notes to answer before he was up, from fifty ladyships having Emilys or Lauras to dispose of,—proposing parties to Richmond, or parties to the play.—Young ladies forced down a man's throat, become as nauseous as any other dose of physic; and like the hunted beaver, the angry boy had ended by offering to bite off his coronet and throw it to the chaperons.—

Seriously, I believe he *did* answer an invitation to Grindlesham Park, by stating not that he was engaged, but that he had no mind to *be* engaged; "that he was not a marrying

man."—Lady Mereworth assured me her son had made enemies without end in London, by his haughty mode of snapping asunder the matrimonial *lasso* that Almacks had tried to fling around him;—the generous impulses of youth being still too hot in his bosom to be repressed by the Tartufferie of polite life.—

Saving for the interval of a few weeks, I had now been more than a year and a half absent from England; and till this reunion with a thorough-going London party, had almost divested myself of my Anglicism. It takes at least a year on the Continent to get the fog thoroughly out of one's skin; till when, we are only partially susceptible of natural enjoyments. The murmurs of Chipp against the shower of arrows directed against him, amused me beyond measure; by recalling the miseries of that factitious order of Life, both above and below being called Human.—

But what did *not* amuse me, was to learn that Frank Walsingham continued to frequent

Graham's and Crockford's, as much as before his marriage; and though Chippenham did not accuse him of neglecting his wife, as he would certainly have done had there been a pretext for the accusation, it was clear that no man, since the time of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, could be in two places at once.—Woe worth the woman,—*trebly* woe worth the *wife*,—who hath the queen of hearts for her rival!—

I ventured to hint in my next letter to Frank that I had heard of his breach of promise both to poor Danby and myself; and to offer him a word or two of advice on the subject of the dice-box. But, alas!

> Quæ res in se neque consilium, neque modum
> Habet ullum, cum consilio regere non potes.

## CHAPTER V.

I fear I'm apt to grow too metaphysical,
The time is out of joint,—and so am I.
I quite forget this novel's merely quizzical,
And deviate into matters rather dry.
I ne'er decide what I shall say, and this I call
Much too fantastical. Men should know why
They write and for what end. But, note or text,
I never know the word that will come next.

BYRON.

Ιδμεν ψευδεα πολλα λεγειν ετυμοισιν ὁμοια,
Ιδμεν δ' ευτ' ἑθελωμεν, αληθεα μυθησασθαι.

HESIOD.

THE taste for a continental life is like a taste for olives. One begins with disgust.—The flavour goes against one.—But the zest imparted to the first glass of wine, induces a second trial; and we end by liking olives for themselves, and pretending to like them fifty

times more than we do, as evidence of a well-bred predilection.—

So is it with the English and Italy. I disliked it at first. Its simplicity of habits appeared to *me* deficiency of refinement.—By degrees, I began to discover a strange luxuriousness of flavour in the enjoyments to which those habits gave rise; and after a time, used to fancy, or at least to swear, that it would be utterly impossible for me ever again to breathe the breath of London.—To be sure I had every excuse for trying to believe myself; for Nunziata was so passionately fond of her country, and the Prince so true a patriot, that my affected Italianism was only a more delicate protestation of gratitude.

Just, however, as I was most earnest in my jests against the Mereworths about Britannia being web-footed, and London a smoke-divan, came a letter from Jane that determined me at once to visit England. Walsingham, it seems, had taken offence at my interference;

and whereas fellows naturally so well-tempered as himself do not take offence at trifles with a friend, unless irritated in temper by the goadings of conscience, I saw that things were going wrong in Connaught Place.

Jane merely said in her letter words to the effect of, " Dear Cecil, you are my only father now. Do not sow discord between me and my husband.—I fear, however, that poor Frank has other things to vex him, besides your rebukes; for he is neither so well nor so happy as I could wish."—

Thereupon, I placed my passport and credit with Torlonia in the hands of O'Brien; to make arrangements for our immediate departure for England, while I devoted the remnant of my time in Rome to taking leave of my friends.—

I have dwelt so much, of late, on melancholy themes, that I will spare my Public the description of their grief at losing me.—The Princess was in despair;—and, if the truth must be told, her state of mind excited such

melancholy forebodings in my mind, that I could not leave her, with any degree of comfort to myself, till I had persuaded Chippenham to stay and watch over her.—The Prince was too deeply absorbed by his studies and patriotic interests, to have much leisure for soothing the feelings of one so much younger and more sensitive than himself; and I felt that the sudden loss of my society must be too severe a deprivation, unless the vacancy in their little circle were supplied by a friend who would daily and hourly talk to her of Cecil.—

The Mereworths, anxious to return to England, readily embraced my proposal that their son should join the party of the L**is at Lucca for the bathing season; for Chippenham was not to be brought into Parliament till the following year, and they were anxious not to have him idling his time and squandering his happiness in London; more particularly now that his eccentricities had somewhat diminished his favour with the world.—I left him, therefore,

to acquire *his* taste for olives—*i. e.* the simple but exciting flavour of foreign life,—in Nunziata's society. I knew how they would think of me, together,—I knew how they would talk of me!—As the friend of her friend, she had always borne patiently with his peculiarities; and even if not the object of Cecil's sincere affection, a young man of taste and feeling, like Lord Chippenham, could not but rejoice at the distinction of intimacy with so sweet and accomplished a woman!

Throughout my journey homeward with the Mereworths, it was my consolation to reflect upon the advantage their son would derive from such companionship, and the certainty of being tenderly remembered at every moment of the day.—Certain flowers possess the aculty of standing in bloom longer than others. Through life, the friendships of which *I* have been the object, have proved more permanent than gaudier blossoms.

Eager to avoid the surmises of Walsingham

that his conduct had in any degree influenced my return to England, I pretended, which was far enough from the truth, to be anxious touching the health of Lord Ormington and his unaccountable subjection to the authority of Herries. The Mereworths had assured me that the poor old man being now completely imbecile, it behoved me to look after my interests; unaware of my peculiar motives for delicacy in abstaining from all interference with his affairs; and I had consequently a fair plea with Frank for quitting Italy.

How I hate people to explain to *me* the motives of their actions!—True motives are invariably left for granted; motives which it is necessary to adduce, are pretty sure to be suppositious.

I arrived in town, however, at a season when explanations of all kinds are gratuitous; nobody being at leisure to listen.—Everybody was driving out,—dining out,—supping out.—Balls and the opera,—the opera and balls,—

formed the order of the day;—parliament its pastime;—the time of year when the police, instead of throwing poisoned balls into the street to exterminate stray dogs, as they do in France, ought to extend the rigour of the law to loose coxcombs, for the decimation of our still more mischievous species.—

My intentions of talking seriously to Frank seemed almost absurd. Who is to make himself heard in such a confusion of tongues?—Of what avail the still small voice of expostulation?—Whether to speak down a new tax, or talk down an old failing, one's eloquence must fall to the ground.—If ever I took it into my head to become the great Agitator of London, I would eschew the purple-and-fine-linen elocution of the Stanleys and Palmerstons,—the huckaback eloquence of O'Connell,—the Ciceronics of Macaulay, or the Archbishop Laud-ations of the Bishop of ———: I would buy PUNCH, and be my own showman!—Pasquin and Marforio should be fools to me. I

would brandish aloft my cap and bells, till they outchimed those of St. Margaret's, and the Houses of Parliament had to lay down straw, as the Bishop of Lisieux did round his Cathedral that he might not hear the tolling in, as he had seen practised in Paris to deaden the rumble of the carriages. I would draw iron tears down Pluto Ernest's cheek, perforce of laughing:—and by my punmanship, force Heraclitus Earl of Mountcashel to write himself down an ass, for weeping over the crimes of a world containing such capital fun!—

I swear I could often scarcely keep my countenance when I saw such *very* dull fellows as Herries and Co. posting down to Westminster to tell the reporters of the newspapers, (for after all, it is to *them* the debates are addressed) what they knew better and could clothe in very much better language.—

The Whigs were in again;—the Ides of April,—ominous mouth.—having been fatal to their opponents. Peel had been cheered out of

office by the esteem of a House which venerated him as one of its best members, however cheap it may hold him as the leader of a party; and the Melbourne Ministry, ready to swallow camels without straining at gnats, shuffled back in its night-gown and slippers into Downing Street.—There was something amazingly gentlemanly in its picktooth free-and-easiness, as contrasted with the laborious striving against wind and tide of the country-gentleman administration, which, as regarded their rival surfaces, was as camlet to brocade.

The great comfort arising to myself from the restoration of the Whigs to office, was that Herries was wanted at Whitehall, leaving me free access to Hanover Square.—Herries was invaluable among them as a man of business, — as knowing how to cross his t's officially, and generalize in the House with a certain squareness of deportment and sententiousness of diction, savouring somewhat of the retired schoolmaster, but affording a most

efficient gag to the impertinent questions of a factious opposition. He seemed born for the purpose of saying nothings that sounded like something.

My first object in town had been Hanover Square; less for any thing it contained, than to obtain intelligence of the Walsinghams.—I soon saw, however, that Julia was not in her niece's confidence. To admit *her*, would have been to admit Herries, whom Jane as nearly disliked as her kindliness of nature permitted. It was therefore necessary I should see and judge for myself; and circumspectly, and with deliberation.—

It was quite apparent to me that Lord Ormington was far from in a state to retain the management of his affairs. On my sudden arrival, he even mistook me for poor Danby,—called me "his son,—his dear son risen from the dead!"—and I was more deeply touched than I ever thought to be by any thing connected with Lord Ormington, when, in this

mistaken idea, with trembling hands and faltering voice, he gave me his benediction!

By degrees, we undeceived him; but he wept like a child at being undeceived.—I saw he stood somewhat in awe of Julia, from the same unavowed prejudice as my own, of her being bone of Herries's bone, and flesh of his flesh; and when the rumble of the Ministerial chariot was heard on its return home to dinner, the day being Wednesday, I was shocked to perceive the sort of fluttered school-girl manner in which the poor white-headed old man seemed to collect himself, to receive his authoritative son-in-law. There is nothing more distressing than the undue subjection of an old person to a young one—a bitter reversal of the order of nature.—

In Connaught Place, my welcome was of a far more cordial nature; so cordial indeed, that for a moment, I trusted the world had outlied itself, and that Walsingham was not the half-reclaimed roué the whispers of White's

asserted him to be.—He received me with open arms; yet, a moment afterwards, checked himself,—as if at the impulse of some disagreeable reminiscence.—

All my thoughts, however, were just then absorbed by Jane. To my taste, there is not a fairer object in nature than a very young mother; and the noble curly-pated little fellow who was never out of her arms, did not delight me the less that most people pronounced him to be the image of his uncle Cecil. It is likely enough that the rest of them pronounced him to be the image of his uncle Rotherhithe! However,

Straight to my heart the fatal flattery went,

because nature, which was no flatterer, satisfied me that at least he was the image of his ill-fated uncle Arthur!—

I could not help feeling, through my tears, as I gazed at dear Jane, how proud her poor father would have been to see her thus lovely,

and thus perfected into womanhood. For now, at nineteen, Mrs. Walsingham was triumphantly beautiful;—her form rounded into symmetry, and those varying blushes, the indication of girlish tremor, settled into the bloom of content!—

And yet, on looking again and with more scrutiny, methought I could detect something of an unquiet expression in her eye.—She had begun to suspect, if not to know, there might be such a thing as sorrow in the world.—It would have been *my* pride had I ever married, and married the only thing worthy of placing in one's bosom in holy wedlock, extreme youth and extreme innocence, to make its life so fairy-like and so elysian, that at a certain age, it should have said, as a parody on young Turenne's "*qu'est ce que la Peur?—je ne l'ai jamais vu!*"—"What is grief?—I have never known it!"—At a certain age, the knowledge *must* come.—If a woman at forty do not betake herself to black crape and broad hems

for the loss of her youth and beauty, she is either a great fool, or the most sensible woman in the world.—

It made one somewhat doleful, by the way, to come back and notice the changes effected by even two years' absence in London and its society. People ask you with vain-glorious chuckling faces, whether you do not find the town prodigiously improved,—and what you think of the new this,—and the new that.—Is it not given you to surmise, worthy folks! that after a certain period of life, these symptoms of a brighter era to come than the one in which we shone our brightest, are highly dispiriting?—Hang the new Houses of Parliament, in which our grand-nephews are to legislate!—Hang wood-pavements, on which they are to roll along, as easy as these my pages!—Why could not such betterments adorn the days of my youth,—the days of my ambition,—the days of my vanity,—ere I had learned by experience, that

*Φήμη γάρ τε κακή μέλεται κούφη μὲν ἀεῖραι*
*Ῥεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δε φέρειν* ———

So strong is this feeling in my soul, now that more than half a century has encroached upon my allotment of years, that the other day, as I was driving through Grosvenor Square, the sight of the mono-paned plate-glass windows in the houses of my friends Poltimore and Foley, having called up before my mind's eye an epoch to come when all the windows of Grosvenor and all other Squares will be similarly glazed,—and the eyes of CECIL glazed in death,—I touched my horse on the flank, as I used twenty years ago when the beauty of the preceding night had been unkind; and darted off, as if to escape the desolating gloom of my peep into futurity.—I was a fool for my panes! But if there be "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks,"—why not philosophy in plate-glass windows?—

I *was* struck, I admit, by the terrible pro-

gress of metropolitan encroachment.—Nothing green within ten miles round Charing Cross, but the new cemeteries!—Even brickfields would have afforded a refreshing relief from the Prospect Places and Pleasant Rows, to which they had ceded their earth. Tyburn was taking a walk to Bayswater, through a series of squares; as her opposite neighbour Pimlico had done towards the King's Road, half a dozen years before; even the homely, humdrum, decent, rate-paying parish of Marybone had skulked out of town to hide its face in the fields!—

One cannot compare the relative importance in modern times of the cities of London and Westminster, without a presentiment that no distant day will behold the creation of a West End Corporation and Guild, to balance the power of the Guild and Corporation of the East End;—and only pause a moment, my Public, to call up before your mind's eye the *beau idéal* of a West End Lord Mayor!

The functionary at the Mansion House is usually a very comical fellow.—But reflect upon the incongruities of a Lord Mayor versed not only in his ps and qs, but in his vs and ws!—a Lord Mayor wearing his chain of office as coolly as though it were a guard-chain,—nay, perhaps a Chain-*Peer!*—Conceive a Common-council, whose collective wisdom is culled from among the pale and parboiled faces of Regent Street and Pall Mall!—Think of a court of shapely aldermen, in kid gloves, preferring the plaintive turtle to the lively!—

It is all very well to laugh;—but jesting apart, posterity will expect something of this kind at our hands. If our Saxon ancestors providently watched over the interests of the city of London, we, Britons born, ought decidedly to consolidate the parishes we have called into existence by the influence of Aladdin's lamp into a municipal form.—Let us have our Guildhall in Belgrave Square,—our Mansion-house in Portman;—and if nobody has any

particular objection, Benjamin Bond Cabbell, that very universal candidate for all sorts and conditions of offices, shall be the Hobler of the Occidental municipality. Ve von't call it the Vest End, the title being all too venial for our trusty and well-beloved Cockneys; who will cling to the word Occidental as having an aural association with John Bull.—

It will readily be supposed that on my quitting London for a two years' sojourn on the Continent, innumerable pretendants had presented themselves to become tenants of my snuggery in St. James's Place,—a niche worthy of Saint Ego, to whom it was piously dedicated; and I had selected the person of Lord De Greyvin as worthiest to be my locum tenens.—It was more agreeable to me to think that my rooms were frequented by the same set of excellent fellows who had participated in my Cecilian Vespers, than that they should be given over to the custody of some snuffy old man in a Welsh wig, or middle-aged woman redolent of aniseed.—

On arriving in town, however, I made it a grievance that the house should be let, and *I* driven to the Bachelor Palace at Mivart's.—But after a visit to De Greyvin, a change came over the spirit of my waking thoughts.—I could not believe the niche occupied by *him*, to be the same wherefrom I smiled on the worship of my votaries!—It seemed to have grown small, stuffy, graceless, dull.—This could not altogether arise from one of the finest of our fine gentleman having dozed in my fauteuil, or hoarded his billets-doux and billets de banque in my sécrétaire.—It was that my desires of the eye had become more expansive in Italy, and my desires of the mind more refined.—I had learned to detest snug rooms and fusty curtains. After feasting my eyes day after day upon the living canvas of Titian and Giorgione, I could no longer abide prints of Taglioni after Chalon, or the simpering face of Pauline Duvernay. I wanted the long arcade,—the echoing gallery,—the mildewed

marble,—the coved ceiling,—the lofty proportions characteristic of the clime where of old the gods came down to banquet with mankind, till a nobleness of soul was engendered in human bosoms, that rendered them fit companions for the gods.

> Ω φιλτάτη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνόν σφοδρὰ ἔι
> Τοῖς νοῦν ἔχουσι κτῆμα;———

but thy domestic architecture is scarcely worthy of a beaver-dam!—A man in London lodgings is such a *very* little fellow.—A man in London lodgings becomes cognizant of chaldrons of coals, and barrels of small beer.—Oh! for my palazzo on the Arno,—oh! for my Genoese terrace!—Meanwhile, there was little or no fault to be found at Mivart's,—a caravanserai where every thing is of the highest order,—even the bill.

But though exceedingly comfortable, according to more than the most approved principles of Great British comfort, I felt myself sadly

lost in what affected people call the Great Metropolis.—It was not after the blue skies of Italy, —it was not after the majestic architecture or sweet companionship that rendered those colossal halls domestic as a linnet's nest,—that I was pining. So long as Danby lived, I felt that London contained a spot sacred as the Sepulchre of Jerusalem to a Christian, or that of Mecca to a son of the Prophet.—Whatever wars or rumours of wars might betide, whatever frailties or follies or perplexities might disturb the tenour of my days, *there*, even *there* was my city of refuge:—*there* was rest,—*there* was peace!—The serenity of my brother's character, the firmness of his mind, the softness of his heart, united to render him the dearest counsellor that every erring mortal had to lean on, amid the struggles of life.—And now—a blank!—Whenever I thought of Connaught Place, it was with a pang.—There was nothing *great* there now!—

Walsingham was a bright-hearted light-

headed creature, incapable of anything like a consistent line of conduct.—He was not deficient in cleverness; but his talents were good only for show,—like the fire scattered in the sparks of a feu d'artifice, or the waters dispersed in the silvery shower of an ornamental fountain.—Had they ceased to sparkle, no human being would have been the worse for their loss.—It was no small comfort, by the way, to find that on the recent incompetency of the Tories to carry on the Government, and the inadequacy of the Whigs to succeed them with effect, both parties had spontaneously adverted to the loss of Danby, as the only man capable of accommodating the claims of the wisdom of our ancestors with the welfare of our posterity, so as not altogether to lose sight of electioneering pledges.—I could not but remember poor Lady Waldegrave's tender ejaculation to the memory of her defunct Earl, as recorded by Horace Walpole,—which almost reconciles one both to the husband and wife,

though the former is answerable for the education of George III., and the latter for having flung away her lovely widowhood on a Duke of Gloucester!—

But after all, this tribute of public esteem was no substitute for the mild eyes that looked forth divinely to welcome me when I wanted comfort;—or for the forcible mind which often relieved me from the most turbulent perplexities by a single word, as the waters of the Red Sea retreated from the uplifted finger of the Prophet.—

As yet, I could obtain no satisfactory insight into the position of Walsingham. — I had reason to suspect he was in difficulties,—yet dared not inquire;—for till the death of Lord Ormington, I had no control over the principal of my fortune so as to enable me to offer assistance.—Any appeal to the old lord in his behalf, moreover, would have been a bootless exposure; for to demand pecuniary assistance from *him* were to pick his pocket.—Lord Or-

mington was now incapable of the management of his affairs.—

Meanwhile I had leisure to look around and note the progress of years, as one never notes it except on arriving from a far country. I said just now that the Tory Ministry had done nothing but create a Lord Abinger and a Whig Speaker.—I beg its pardon.—It had put an extinguisher on Sir Lucius and Lady Brettingham !—

Emboldened, perhaps, by the triumphs of a long succession of years, her ladyship had trusted to the influence of her star, more than it was trustworthy ; and ratted before the house, behind the arras of which she saw fit to ensconce herself, was properly insured. — The Whigs having declined before they quitted office to give a peerage to Sir Lucius, whose claims upon their gratitude were so peculiar that they could only have created him Lord Salmi de Bécasse, or Lord Petit-pâte aux huitres, Mariana had hastened to find a kindred

soul in one of the new ministers. — But an administration which had thrown over one of its most popular adherents, because Cæsar's wife was not to be suspected, had still less patience with Cæsar's light-of-love. The better half of Downing Street sent her straight to Coventry; and between the animosities of the party she had deserted and the party by which she was rejected, Mariana underwent the fate of the bat, repelled both by beasts and birds.—

This would have signified less, or rather perhaps this would not have occurred, but that the disreputable couple whose multitude of sins might have been covered by a crimson velvet mantle lined with ermine, were found to be a *leetle* out at elbows. The fortune so handsome for a squire, had proved unequal to gild the gorgeous balustrade of the state-staircase, up which they intended to ascend into the aristocracy; and their dinners were neither so frequent nor so good as heretofore.—

The standers-by and sitters-by, began to smile.—Napoleon after the field of Waterloo ceased to be Napoleon; and the Brettinghams, after being discharged by their French cook, ceased to be the Brettinghams.—Mariana fancied that a peerage would redeem all.—She was mistaken—it would only have made their defaulter more glaring.—Bank notes are Power.—The only potential aristocracy of modern times issues its patents in promises to "pay to Mr. Matthew Marshall, or bearer, on demand."

Fain would the unloving couple have fallen upon each other with mutual recriminations. But Mariana, retaining at least tact enough to follow the Buonapartean maxim *de laver son linge sâle en famille*, talked about the advantage of foreign masters as a finish to the education of her children; and off they went to the Continent.—I crossed them at Dovor; and never shall I forget their air of mutual *gêne* and reciprocal contempt.—What a *ménage* for a long journey!—In London, they had lost

sight of each other. They were now face to face.—Like Adam and Eve when exiled from Paradise,

The world was all before them where to choose,

and lo! it was a world of thistles and brambles, —pain and sorrow. They were aware, too, that at the end of a few years, people would begin inquiring—

"By the way,—I wonder what became of those Brettinghams?"—

A German play is said to close with an oath and an attitude. A chapter ought to close with a moral antithesis. As a contrast therefore to the defeat of the Brettinghams, enter "The Right Hon. Lord and Lady Harris, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c." as they were announced that year in the catalogue of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, wherein they figured in a family piece, her ladyship in crimson velvet, point, and diamonds;—his lordship in full

diplomatic uniform, the breast whereof was emblazoned with orders till it looked like a Herald's tabard.—

It was amazing the vulgar noise this happy couple contrived to make in the world,—the stormy noise of drums and fifes, not of sackbut, harp, or lute.—The triumphant Marcia managed "to gild refined gold," and paint not "the lily," but the daffodil.—Having surrounded herself with the pæans of a dust-licking crew of parasites, there was not space around her to discover that the gems of the circle had dropped away.—It sufficed her to be escorted to her gaudy carriage by two of the tallest footmen with the longest aiguillettes, and the greatest allowance of becoronetted buttons that ever bedizened plush and broad cloth.—She was the showiest lady of the aristrocacy,—the poppy of the peerage,

> Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa Fortuna.

Powers of compunction! — to think that I was ever within a million of billion of miles of elevating a person of such propensities into a Mrs. CECIL!—

## CHAPTER VI.

Apris avoir chiffonné mes cheveux et rectifié le noend de ma cravate, je m'adossai à l'angle de la chéminie, dans une altitude qui, selon mui, ne denvit manquer ni de distinction, ni de caractère. J'attendis ainsi sous les armes, la femme en qui j'étais fort disposé à trouver la future souveraine de mon coeur.—BERNARD.

CERTAIN human frames resemble certain flowers, in which transplantation excites a second efflorescence.—Changes of climate had, on more occasions than one, produced in me a sort of moral rejuvenization; till, like a withered geranium removed from shade into sunshine, I became in October as green as April.—

I had not been a fortnight in London, before I found myself budding anew.—People become immensely popular on their return after long and inexplicable absence. I was a novelty of

the season. Nobody had heard my best stories,—nobody knew my opinion of the new Pope and Bellini's last Opera: — and they wanted to learn what I thought of the Broglie adminstration, and Zumalacarregui, and the poisoning of Prince Augustus of Portugal, and the kingdomification of Greece, and the assassination of Quiroga, and a pack of other rubbish, concerning which I knew better than to trouble such brains as mine.—A head that is curled by Muddiman, ought not to derogate into thinking about things which Parliament is expressly constituted to think about in its stead.—

I was not sorry, however, to be made a fuss with.—One never *is*,—provided it be made by the right sort of people, in the right sort of place.—I was glad to find White's so glad to see me;—I was glad to find a pack of cards as thick as a whist-pack upon my table, after Mivart had been a few days in custody of my person.—

The absurd thing was that I, who had found such fault with Chippenham for being bored by the loving-kindness tending towards the altar of St. George's Church, found my ire strangely excited by the pertinacity with which a dowager Miss or two, my contemporaries, such as Frederica Gray, renewed their pretensions to my hand. — Frederica was wonderfully well-looking for her years ;—but a girl who was old enough to be noticed for beauty at the coronation of George IV. could scarcely aspire in the year of grace eighteen hundred and thirty five, to the smiles of a man who had defied her in eighteen hundred and twenty.—

And then, she pursued her manœuvres so unstratagetically. She *would* keep talking to me about the merry days when we were young; and as I knew full well how long ago they were for *me*, I could not suppose that time possessed an hour-glass of a different calibre for herself,—even had not a certain rosiness of nose recorded the autumnal nature of her

charms. Besides, I was fully aware of the dozen flirtations per annum, in which she had indulged since her début, making in all two hundred and ninety four.—She had extracted smiles from every young lord about town—

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant!—

I longed to tell poor Fred that she was wasting her powder and shot, and had better look out for a respectable widower. There was Wolverton,—why could she not be satisfied with Wolverton?—Had I been matrimonially inclined, (which in the present flourishing condition of my spirits and appearance was I dare not say how far from the case!) a CECIL with only an infirm life of eighty-two betwixt him and forty thousand a year, need not have shown quite so much respect for grey hairs, as to seek a wife in Frederica Gray.—To say that a man "wears well," is insulting enough;—but a waltzing young lady who wears well, materializes one's fancy with notions of caout-

chouc clogs, and in lieu of gossamer, floating visions of Welsh flannel!—

The fact is that my heart was now pretty nearly in the state of one of the metropolitan cemeteries;—in which, so many interments having taken place that there was no longer sufficient ground left to cover any new coffin, an Act of Parliament was passed the other day, making it unlawful to bury.

On that occasion, a notice was affixed to the walls and a huge padlock to the gates. But I was puzzled exactly in what form to certify to the Flowers of Loveliness that an Act had been passed for the better Regulation of the Flirtations of Cecil!—

One day, as I sauntered into White's,—a rainy Sunday afternoon, when it is usually as full as the cemetery in question,—I heard predominating over the murmur of voices as I entered, the same name repeated in twenty different tones of indignation.

"Just like Lady Phœbe!"—said De Greyvin.

"Lady Phœbe may chance to get the worst of it!"—cried George Hartingfield.

"Thank heaven, Lady Phœbe is not *my* sister!" — added Rotherhithe, settling his cravat.—

The name was new to me. There had been no Lady Phœbe in the lists of fashion when I quitted England. One could no more mistake it than Lady Clementina, or Lady Wilhelmine, or any other specific designation of a well-known beauty.—My two years' absence affording an excuse for ignorance, I ventured the humiliation of inquiry;—

"Who *is* Lady Phœbe?" — said I, to my nearest neighbour.—

Half a dozen of them looked round at me with wonder, as if they had thought *me* superior to so vulgar a thing as a mystification; till at length Rotherhithe, whose

gentle dulness ever loved a joke,

answered that she was "the Lady Moon!" a

jest worthy so capital a moon-calf.—Mitchelston, however, who, having arrived in town as recently as myself, having just had his curiosity stimulated into the same interrogatory, informed me that Lady Phœbe's patronymic was Locksley, and that she was the daughter of Lord Ashby de la Zouche.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Nor I neither:" —replied Mitchelston, wisely interpreting my gesture into "never heard of the man in my life!"—

And as if to save me the vexation of further questioning, he good-naturedly asked Joseph for the peerage, which being unlike Frederic Gray, in its *prémière jeunesse*, gave us to understand that the Earl of Ashby had recently succeeded to his title, on the death of his cousin, the Duke of Appleby, when the dukedom became extinct.

"Why it must be that old brute Sir Jacob Locksley!" cried I,—with sudden enlightenment,—"brother to Sir Richard Locksley, who

was our Ambassador at Vienna,—at Madrid,—Heaven knows where."

"The man who used to bore the committee at the Travellers' by writing letters about red lead in the Cayenne pepper, and who was always called afterwards Cayenne Locksley?—But was *he* married?—Could any family man have leisure to make himself so officiously troublesome?"—

"I really can't say,—I was never at the trouble of considering Cayenne Locksley in any other light than a public nuisance."

The Peerage again stood our friend.—It appeared that the Earl of Ashby had married Phœbe, the daughter of Stuart of Stuartsfield, who, having died two years afterwards, had left him a son and a daughter. I spare my Public the dates.

"Ay, ay,—no woman could stand such a man more than two years!" was Mitchelston's commentary on the text. Instead of putting it down "died on the 15th of March," they

ought to have inserted it "bored to death on the 15th of March."—

"Why the daughter you see stands it. By this account, Lady Phœbe Locksley must be eighteen; 'and, Oh! the charming pride of beautiful eighteen!'"—muttered I,—between my teeth, like Sir Harry Wildair,—and no longer wondering at the ejaculations I had heard lavished upon the only daughter of Cayenne Locksley.

In the course of the next half hour, I fully gratified my curiosity. By assuring De Greyvin that I did not think Lady Phœbe the least handsome, I obtained a full true and particular description of her beauty; and fought out the question of her eyes, till I ascertained that their colour was indescribable, — the sort of mottled, greenish, brownish, nondescript hue, which Mitchelston saucily compared to the cheek of a well sunned ripe green gage.

"I wish to heaven, Lady Phœbe could hear you!"—cried Lord George Hartingfield, "it might do her good!"—

"My dear fellow, I would plead my privilege of matrimony for being a brute," replied Mitchelston laughing.

"I suspect she cares very little what is said or thought about her, by any one of us, married or single," added Rotherhithe.—

"Any one of *us!*"—reiterated De Greyvin,—eyeing the Viscount askance with an air of utter disgust, repudiating all idea of such fellowship.—

"Let her be as scornful as she chooses!" rejoined George Hartingfield;—"she has now the vogue of fashion in her favour, and like the king can do no wrong.—But wait a year or two, and you will see!—A woman cannot go on playing fast and loose for ever.—Her father has set his heart upon making her a duchess; and if neither Devereux nor Clarensfield will have her—"

"Come, come, come, George!" interrupted De Greyvin—"it is not fair of you, because Lady Phœbe was not to be tempted by a good-

looking younger brother, to talk about people refusing *her*. I never saw her encourage either Clarensfield or Devereux more than you or I. —I suppose no girl ever attracted such universal admiration,—not here alone,—but at Vienna, where half a dozen fellows went half out of their minds for her. Since she has been in London, one has heard of nothing else. Yet I defy any man to say that she ever said a civil thing in reply to his attentions.—Lady Phœbe is as proud as she is pretty.—I don't believe she thinks the world contains any thing good enough to be even trampled upon by her pretty little foot!"—

"Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?"

was my inward meditation upon De Greyvin's complaints,—Why *this* was the very woman for me!—*This* must be my predestined partner, —the rib taken from the side of Cecil while he was asleep! — Young, beautiful, highborn, scornful!—What could a man want more, over

whom rank and fortune were closely impending?—For it was useless to deny it to myself; if ever again I submitted to the ignominy of falling in love, it would be with a Lady Ormington, not with a Mrs. Cecil.—I have never admitted it to my readers; but there were moments when that Mary-infatuation, though known only to myself and O'Brien, brought such a blush of shame to my cheek that, had I been a royal personage with a court physician always dawdling about me, to invest me with prospective diseases, he would have ordered me bled on suspicion of approaching apoplexy.—

And now that I have begun to be candid on the subject, I may as well tell the whole truth and have done with it!—On the day I visited the Exhibition, just as I stood lost in stupefaction before the full-blown "Portraits of the Right Honourable Lord and Lady Harris, &c. &c. &c. &c." my small patrician ear was vexed by a sort of whispering, giggling, exclamation beside me of "No, it *can't* be,—yes, it *is*—I

declare I could almost have sworn it was—Mister Cecil Danby!"—(Ye gods!—a *Mister* CECIL!—)

The individual from whom these singularly familiar observations proceeded, proved to be a comely little woman, round as an ortolan, leaning on the arm of a beetle-browed florid man in black, who stood in his clothes as awkwardly as Robinson Crusoe may have done when, after leaving off goat's skins, he became suddenly restored to the broad-cloth of civilized life.—What a bul-bul for my pale white rose!—What a husband for Mary!—For it was herself.—She had married her father's curate. She was already the mother of a chubby boy. They were come up to London to see the lions and buy furniture, and were going about three in a gig!—

> Sic risum Veneri; cui placet impares
> Formas atque animos subjuga ahenea
> Sævo mettere cum joco!—

There is no occasion to give the narrative of

the poor little woman's happiness in her own words;—a happiness of the boiled-mutton-and-turnips order, which, like Rogers's village spire, "points the way to Heaven!"—She spoke of the hard life she had led with the Crutchleys, only as an enhancement to her present unexampled connubial felicity; and introduced her dear Robert to me, and hinted how much she should like to show me the baby, who was cutting its first tooth!—

I took down her name and address. The time was approaching when I should have considerable church preferment at my disposal.—Ahem!—

It was perhaps the disgust arising from this climax of my pastoral adventure, that put me into such wonderful conceit with aristocratic beauty.—From that day, my taste had been arrayed in a birth-day suit;—my heart was all ruffles and brocade.—

After all, there is something exceedingly absurd, exceedingly unphilosophical, in a man

dropping out of his sphere of society on such slender temptations. Where else can he be so intrinsically understood and appreciated?—In an inferior orbit, the accessories of his position in life supersede the influence of his personal merits.—On such a girl as Mary, my kid gloves and waistcoat had probably produced a stronger impression than my teeth or conversation.—My conversation she scarcely understood; and she had seen teeth nearly as fine in the mouths of Thompsons and Johnsons. —Even with such people as the Winstanleys, my Honourable Cecil Danbyism went for something, or they would not have given their hand to an Earl of Wolverton.

But a Lady Phœbe Locksley,—daughter of the Earl of Ashby, and niece of the Ambassador at Vienna, if she liked me at all, must like me for my Self.—And oh! how passing pleasant a thing it is for one's Self to be liked on such security!—

That day, being, as I said before, a rainy

Sunday, and a rainy Sunday in London being a thing that even the gloomy imagination of Dante never evoked from the mysteries of darkness,—I dined with a bachelor party in Dover Street; realizing pretty much what may have constituted the *roué* suppers of the Régence, and comprehending most of the pleasantest fellows about town.—Nothing under thirty,—none of the odious boys who had spindled up into notice during my absence:—but

> Men of the world who knew the world like men,

and who, by their unanimous encomiums on Lady Phœbe, stimulated my interest concerning her, almost into distraction.—Though far from guarded in the tone of their comments on the other beauties of the season, and though unanimous in praise of *her* loveliness as fairest of them all, not one of them presumed to give utterance to the libertine expressions which trailed the snail-track of their admiration over all other roses of the parterre of fashion.—

I began to get frantically anxious for a sight of this divine creature. Wherever I went, I heard of nothing but Lady Phœbe.—Lady Phœbe had the smallest hand,—the smallest foot,—the smallest waist,—the largest eyes,—the whitest teeth,—the blackest eyebrows.—Lady Phœbe was every thing in the superlative!—One of the superlatives, however, might have been dispensed with.—Every one agreed that she had the greatest bore of a father extant;—that she was watched over as no golden or forbidden fruit had been since the days of the Hesperides;—and that no sooner did Lord Ashby smell the blood of a younger brother among her *adorateurs*, than he became ferocious as an ogre, and resumed all the irritability of Cayenne Locksley.—

It happened that on the Tuesday following, I was to dine with old Walsingham, Frank's father; who, I suppose, thought me worth conciliating as the future head of his daughter-in-law's family;—and I discovered in the

interim, from Rotherhithe, that Lord Ashby and his daughter were to be of the party. He gave me to understand, indeed, that they were to be his father's guests out of compliment to *his* pretensions to the hand of Lady Phœbe. —But the truth was, that old Walsingham and Cayenne Locksley were birds of a feather, who had chirrupped together through life at Arthur's.—People say of very discordant persons that they have not an idea in common.— The two Earls had just one idea in common;— that of taking care of number one,—and aggrandizing number two,—(their family,) at the expence of their family's happiness.—

I felt somewhat nervous when preparing for the said dinner. I came home from my ride half an hour earlier than usual. This little girl of eighteen appeared to have notions of her own concerning personal appearance, or she would not have been fastidious touching De Greyvin,—the best looking fellow in London.—I flatter myself there is a certain

*tournure* about some men, against which five-and-twenty, in all its smoothness of skin and capillary exuberance, has very little chance;—and am quite certain that it existed among the men of *my* time, to a degree of which none of the lads of Crockford's approach the outskirts.—The Seymours, for instance!—What family of the present day, albeit of royal descent, can compare in distinction of appearance with Mrs. Damer and her brothers, at the period when the Duchess of Ilfracomb was Marchioness of Devereux, and Lord Harris an adventurer?—At an earlier epoch, the old set of Devonshire House!—When shall we ever look upon their like again?—In gradual decadence from the days of hoops and bag-wigs to those of tartan shawls and pilot coats, we have now brought down our simplicity so nearly to a level with the pavement, that there will soon be no fine gentlemen left in London, except the footmen of Lady Ailesbury.

I entered Lord Walsingham's old-fashioned

house in Arlington Street in a flutter of spirits to which my experience, I will not say years, ought to have risen superior.—My coat was by Cooke,—my guard-chain by Kiltching,—my Mercurial step by what Dogberry would call the gift of providence.—My linen,—(the Earl Marshal's office troubles itself with one's "fringed or plain linen,"—and why should not I?) was exceedingly plain,—plain as the Right Honourable Lady Harris, &c. &c. &c. &c. and fine as her Right Honourable Lord.—Fine linen is a sin to which I plead heinously guilty. Had it been the *only* crime of Dives,—I should feel myself to be in a bad case.—

I came late. I wished my entrée to make a certain effect. But whether it did so or not, was comparatively unimportant; for the only female face in the room was that of the Duchess of Ilfracomb, who was there with her Duke and her young Marquis of Devereux; and a macaw-faced Dowager-Countess of Clackmannan, the formal sister of the host. This was a

bore; for it was clear that Lady Phœbe, if she *did* arrive, must be taken into dinner by Devereux.—

"Lord Ashby is late!"—mumbled the Earl, after we had waited ten minutes longer and found more fault with the weather than any thing but that *souffre douleur* of English spleen, the weather, could bear with patience.—

"And such a martinet as he used to be for punctuality!"—croaked Lady Clackmannan, shaking her head.—"Ah! poor man,—he has begun to find out what it is to have a fashionable daughter!"—

And again Rotherhithe, Devereux, and Lord Arthur Cornwallis betook themselves to "the glass;"—not what the Captain Morris school calls "the cheerful glass;"—but the doleful "Glass," to whose rising English gentlemen devote their attention six months in the year for the sake of their shooting; and to whose falling the other six, for the sake of their hunting.—It happened that there had

been a dreadful thunderstorm in Cambridgeshire the preceding day, which was said to have destroyed many thousand pounds worth of property; and though London is in general too well bred to trouble itself about the disasters of its country cousins, as on the present occasion Newmarket had suffered, it was permissible to enquire whether the panes of Lord J. or the Duke of C. had been in jeopardy.

At that moment, the folding doors were flung open, and, as described in the motto of the present chapter, I drew up, and prepared for action.

Qui amant ipsi sibi omnia fingunt,

*Lord Ashby* ALONE!—

Lady Phœbe was indisposed. "Lady Phœbe had flattered herself till the last minute of being well enough to have the honour of waiting on Lord Walsingham; but to her great regret was forced to relinquish the promised pleasure."—

I could see by two scarlet spots on the cheek-bones of the Earl, that this was angrily, not sorrowfully, narrated.—It was clear to me that for *could* not come, we were privileged to read *would* not.—Every body expressed becoming sympathy. But the Duke and Duchess, Lord Walsingham and Lady Clackmannan, and even Lord Arthur Cornwallis, made little effort to conceal their satisfaction that we had not much longer to wait for dinner.—

Whether it came sooner or later, it was *fiasco* to *me!*—One does not go to such places as Walsingham House, to eat.—The viands are sure to be as unctuous as the guests are dry,—the wines as much too hot, as the conversation too cold.—I got through it, however; talked to the Duchess, on whose dexter hand I sat at dinner, about Italy,—a topic on which she emitted less nonsense than is usually the case with English people:—and on pretence of the new opera, got away from dessert the moment theice had gone its rounds.—One thing at least

was satisfactory:—if Lady Phœbe Locksley did not consider Cecil Danby worth coming to see, she was at least uninfected by her father's passion for strawberry leaves.—Devereux was as much slighted as myself.

The chief point, however, on which I congratulated myself when stepping into my cab to go to the opera, was that I had renewed my acquaintance with old Ashby; and I had been careful to inform him in reply to his enquiries after "my excellent father,"—that "Lord Ormington was completely broken up, and in a very precarious way."

My civilities to the Duchess meanwhile, had not fallen on sterile ground:—next day, came a dinner card. I had half a mind to refuse; for the Ilfracombs were dull sort of people, living in a set with which I had little sympathy; but in the sequel, I had reason to congratulate myself on having relented in their favour.—Though I went early, in deference to the age of the Duke, not only was his

grace's brother the Archbishop already arrived, but beside him on the sofa sat a striking-looking girl in a simple muslin dress without ornaments, — nothing to adorn her but the finest hair, with the exception of poor Jane Walsingham's, I ever beheld, — conversing with him with all the ease of good breeding but without a moment losing sight of the respect due to one of the most venerable fathers of the Church,—whom the presence of Lord Ashby discoursing fustian with the Duchess, sufficiently explained to be Lady Phœbe.—

I fully expected that, when presented to her, she would look the other way, as affecting carelessness and indifference,—according to the habit of young ladies when flattered and fluttered by making a highly desirable acquaintance.—Instead of which, she gazed stedfastly in my face, and told me she had long wished for the pleasure of knowing me, as coolly as if I had been my own grandmother !—

As there was no other lady, the Duke had of

course the honour of her arm to dinner, and Devereux equally, of course, supported her on the other side. But the party being small, we had a sociable round table; and as the conversation became general, and I was seated within three of her, she began questioning me respecting two or three Milanese families whom she had known at Vienna, and seemed instinctively aware I had also known at Lucca. —There was not a moment's cessation of chat between us.—

Lord Ashby, between a Duchess and an Archbishop, — like his own coat of arms supported by a Monk and an Angel,—was too much engrossed to interfere.—But the scarlet patches on the cheek-bones re-appeared again; especially when he saw young Devereux obliged to get up a conversation aside with the Duke upon the Municipal Bill,—concerning which both of them had probably heard enough the night before, in the Houses of Gee-up, and Wo-ho.—

After dinner, Lady Phœbe's courtesies were still more unequivocal. She was evidently amazingly struck with me.—It was Saturday night; and she was careful to tell me she was always at the opera with her aunt Lady Stuart of Stuartsfield, and that their box was on the first pair.—I *hope* it was because she fancied me near-sighted, that she thought it necessary to afford me such minute intelligence !—

## CHAPTER VII.

Pour veiner de son front la paleur délicate,
  Le Japon a donné son plus limpide azur :
  La blanche porcelaine est d'un blanc bien moins par
Que son col transparent et ses tempes d'agate.
Dans sa prunelle humide un doux rayon éclate,—
  Le chant du rossignol près de sa voix est dur,
  Et quand elle se lève, à notre ciel obscur,
On dirait la hune en sa robe d'onate.
Ses yeux d'argent bruni roulent moelleusement,
Le caprice a taillé son petit nez charmant,
Sa bouche a des rougeurs de pêche et de framboise ;
Ses mouvemens sont pleins d'une grâce Chinoise ;
Et près d'elle, on respire autour de sa beauté,
Quelque chose de doux, comme l'odeur de thé.

THÉOPHILE.

A MAN must have been unreasonable indeed in his expectations, to feel disappointed in Lady Phœbe Locksley !—To a symmetry of form and feature which the dreams of Lysippus

never surpassed, she united a grace of movement, that would have been coquetry had it not been the gift of nature.—With the rash liveliness and *abandon* of a child, she combined an almost matronly tone of conversation arising from much travel rather than from great cultivation of mind.

There was something absolutely startling in her decision of tone,—a decision that did not however a moment put in peril her elegance of feminine gentleness. She was literally adorable —a thing to put in a shrine, and fall down before, and worship!—

I will not swear that what O'Brien found me writing that night, when he brought in my hot water, (and which, but for the inequality of the lines he might have mistaken for a letter to my banker, or Mr. Scriven Screwham,) did not bear some reference to the shape of light which had glanced athwart my path.—I had every excuse.—Lady Phœbe was a creature to have made a poet of Joseph Hume!—

Not that my nature is lyrically addicted. Sonnets and *gentil-Bernard*-isms in the style of my motto, I leave to our young Viscounts, a *corps d' élite* called the Countess of Blessington's Voltigeurs, who get amazing credit at Almacks by rhyming for the Annuals. But I have no objection to a good strong honest verse, warm out of the depths of the heart, and sweet as the fragrance of a beanfield; which, like those of Burns, finds its echo in every memory, from palace to hovel;—enbalming the simplest thoughts and feelings for immortality, as the spikenard and rich gums of Egypt have preserved for thousands of centuries some humble bird or insect of the pastures of the Nile, sacred and secure amid the mummied reliques of high-priests and kings.

But I reverence the gift of song, rather as the comfort of the poor than the luxury of the rich;—a divine vouchsafement, like the flower in the fields or thrush in the thicket;—to solace the ear and eye of those who toil through

life with moistened brows and callous hands, as hewers of wood, or drawers of water, and the only indication that reaches them of fairer and brighter things;—something to beguile the weariness of the spinning wheel,—the restlessness of the cradled child,—the labour of the husbandman at his plough,—of the miner at his squalid task,—of the soldier plodding with blistered foot upon a foreign soil.—I have stood among the vineyards in France and listened to a chorus of peasant voices chaunting the stirring measures of Béranger;—I have stood by Tweedside listening to the song of the reapers, till I forgot to despise the vocation of "these same metre ballad-mongers."

I do not pretend to be a Burns,—I do not pretend to be a Béranger,—I do not pretend to be a Poet!—If people want poets, there are Baillie Cochrane, and Johnny Manners, Lords Powerscourt, Jocelyn, Gardner, and the Houses of Lords and Commons know how many more men of wit and pleasure about town. All I

pretend, is to turn a rhyme when wanted for a white morocco album, super-gilt, lined with blue tabby, and locked with a golden key studded with turquoises, such as one finds in the choice boudoirs of May Fair. I have no doubt Lady Phœbe Locksley had a dozen such volumes; and it was probably in the hope of getting them inscribed therein, in the most delicately illegible of hands upon the most satin of papers, that I strung together the following Della Cruscan

STANZAS.

I dreamt one day a waking dream,
Brighter than Slumber's are,
Of wandering where the planets gleam,
Like an unspherēd star;
Round a Chimera's yielding neck
With grasping hands I clung;
No need of spur,—no fear of check,—
Those fields of air among.

It had a woman's lovely face,
It had an angel's wings,—
And as we pierc'd the realms of space
Breath'd gentlest whisperings;

So breathes the hovering Morning Hour
Amid the lonely hills,
To waken fragrance in the flower,
The ripple on the rills.

Oh! dare I but retrace the words
It seemed to syllable,
A golden lyre's melodious chords
Were discord to the spell;—
Borne on with rushing wings, perverse,
We dar'd the opposing sky;
Alone, amid the universe,
My dauntless steed and I.—

That strange Chimera, wild of wing,
Though fair of face and form,—
Soft as the genial breath of spring,
Bold as the mountain storm;
Dearest!—its name, its origin,
Oh! canst thou not divine?—
It was—forgive, forgive, the sin,—
The thought that thou wert mine!—

I was roused from my dactyls and spondees, by a knock at the door,—my own door I mean, —for that of Mivart is like a royal charter, inviolable;—when lo! a scared and pallid waiter, who told me he could not find O'Brien, —(I wonder where the caitiff was hiding himself?) and that a person had brought a note requiring an immediate answer.

Notes that require the disagreeable immediate answer called ready money, do not present themselves at two o'clock in the morning. Requesting permission therefore of my Muse, I opened the peremptory despatch, and prepared to read. Who knows? — Perhaps Lord Ormington might be gathered to his fathers!—Perhaps I might be unconsciously reigning in his stead!

It was from Jane!—"Dearest Cecil," wrote my poor niece,—"I beseech you go to Crockford's and bring home Walsingham.—He has been losing lately more than we can well afford; and I have remonstrated and intreated in vain.—I would not, however, encroach upon your kindness, were my anxiety solely of a pecuniary nature. But my boy is ill. I am more alarmed than I can say. I intreat you, if you cannot prevail upon my husband to accompany you to Connaught Place, come yourself!"

In a moment I had thrown off my dressing-gown and equipped myself anew. So power-

ful had been the influence of Lady Phœbe over my feelings, that I had not looked in at Crockford's, as usual, after the opera. I now jumped into a hackney coach, without making a single wry face, and proceeded to St. James's Street.

I had long perceived that, in gaining a nephew in Frank Walsingham, I had lost a friend.—There is a natural antagonism between every human being and those that are in authority over him, which it requires some strength of mind to surmount. As Jane's trustee, Frank regarded me much as aforetime *I* used to regard old Votefilch; and I consequently felt a certain degree of reluctance in ever approaching the table where I knew him to be engaged.

The present occasion, however, admitted of no delicacy; and the moment I entered the room, I saw by his burning eyes and compressed lips, that he was playing high, and playing the fool.—Advancing as carelessly as

I could, and invited him to come and smoke a cigar with me on the steps.—He refused,—civilly enough; and I then entreated him to let me drive him home. I had not courage to mention the name of Jane or the boy, at such a time, in such a place!—

Again he refused. But as I now found that he was playing a ruinous stake, I whispered, in the name of his wife, a still more fervent request that he would come away.—I shall not repeat his reply.—Had I been extinguishable on the spot, like the bee of the poor Hamadryad, he would not have scrupled to crush me under his sandal.—Poor Danby!—The tears which, in his brokenness of heart, he had let fall upon the Story of Rhœcus recurred piteously to my mind.—

As it seemed impossible, without making a scene, to bring away Walsingham, I wrote him a note, mentioning the illness of his child, and leaving it to the waiter to deliver, hastened to Connaught Place.—

Jane uttered not a word of complaint when she saw me appear unaccompanied by her husband. She seemed to have expected as much;—these vigils were evidently no unusual thing. Her whole attention was fixed on the little fellow who lay in her lap,—more lovely than ever through the effect of the fever that coloured his cheeks and sparkled in his large blue eyes. Startled by my voice, he fancied it was his father come home, and smiled in my face; and his countenance thus brightened, he looked so like poor Frank in his better days,—Frank, careless and unconscience-struck,—that the tears came into my eyes as I met those of the neglected mother.—

I told her Frank was coming—(I could not doubt that, after the appeal I had hazarded, he would make his appearance,) and advised with her meanwhile touching the boy. He did not seem to *me* to be seriously affected.—It was probably only one of the feverish disorders of infancy;—though the nurse kept

fussing in and out with ill-omened words of "convulsions,"—"measles,"—"scarlet fever,"—"small pox,"—as though she were reciting the index of Buchan's Domestic Medicine.—

Jane was at all events tranquillized by having a better counsellor than this foolish woman, to remind her that, so lately as midnight, the apothecary had assured her there was no danger, but that she must prepare for a restless night.—

Thus exhorted, she tried to be wise; and as she sat there in her night-dress, her rich hair twisted simply round her head, her face sad with sorrow, and the shaded light on a distant table falling partially on her sleeve and the child gathered into her lap, I was struck by her resemblance to that most graceful of women and motherly of Madonnas, Correggio's Zingana. The attitude of the infant, with its foot resting in her hand, and its own little hand clinging to her slender finger, was identically the same. Oh! tender Mother-Love!—what

can be holier, for even a divine illustration, than thy instinctive tenderness!—

While I was still soothing her, interrupted now and then by that sharp shrill cry expressing the peevishness of infantine pain, there came a hurried knock, a rushing step upon the stairs; and I fancied that the door was about to be flung open, and the impetuous Frank to throw himself on his knees at the feet of his wife. But I heard him pause suddenly as he approached the chamber of sickness. — His hand was upon the door-handle full a minute before he took courage to enter; and when he *did* appear, he was as pale as death, but might have been pronounced calm and unconcerned by an observer who gave no heed to his impeded respiration and quivering lips.—

"There is not much the matter with him, I fancy?" said he, addressing himself in a hoarse voice interrogatively to me, while laying a cold and tremulous hand on the shoulder of his wife; and he was right not to question *her*,

for by the big tears dropping on the white wrapper of her darling boy, I saw that she would have been incapable of reply.—

"Not much," I replied; "but his mother is anxious, Frank,—which was the reason I persisted, just now."—

"You did very right," rejoined Frank, in a still hoarser voice;—and a moment afterwards, he raised his hand from his wife's shoulder, and extended it to mine, as if in mute apology for the coarseness with which he had resented my interference.

I accepted it, of course. I loved Frank Walsingham for his own sake, as well as his wife's. It was, in fact, only by unkindness towards *her*, that it would have been possible for him to estrange my friendship.—I soon left them:—

What business had I there at such a time?

I was not sorry, however, (when the morrow proved, as I expected, that the disorder of the child was a casualty of no moment,) that a

scene should have occurred entitling me to enter freely with Walsingham into the chapter of his excesses.—Though delicate about attacking him at Crockford's, or blaming him in the presence of his wife, I made no scruple to lay before him in a candid and manly manner, the infraction of his engagements both with me and her poor father, by this recurrence to the gaming table.—

"I know it all!"—said he. "You can say nothing to me in the way of reprehension, that I do not merit, and will not bear with submission.—I have behaved like a rascal, Cecil!—most men end with doing so, who begin with Hazard.—I am mad,—desperate!—I dare not even promise you to abstain for the future; for circumstanced as I am, were I suddenly to refrain, suspicion would be excited, and claims made upon me which I am in no position to satisfy.—I am involved to a degree I scarcely dare contemplate!"

The not daring to contemplate such matters,

being, I was well aware, one of their most fatal features, I insisted with kindness but firmness,—the kindness of a friend, the firmness of an uncle,—upon a strict examination and enumeration of his play debts and general involvements.

Almost as much to his amazement as mine, they amounted to no less a sum than £5,500!—and with an income of £2,300 a year!—To let their house in Connaught Place, as he proposed, and retire to the country and retrenchment, though a sure was so slow a process of enfranchisement, and the exposure attendant on such a measure must be so painful to Jane, that though I affected to approve, I resolved to look round me in search of other expedients.

My own capabilities in pecuniary matters were nearly as limited as those of Frank.—But there was Lord Ormington, rolling in riches, the savings of his forty thousand a year; what better could be done with his wealth than appropriate a portion of it to his

grand-daughter,—sole representative of the son he had so dearly loved!—Such an arrangement, however, would be difficult to accomplish. He was in a state of all but idiotcy; and Herries had neither the power nor the will to direct his fortune to any other purposes than the common exigencies of housekeeping.

I had not spoken ten words to the poor imbecile old man, since my arrival in town; nevertheless, I resolved to hazard an attempt in favour of the Walsinghams. It was clear from the nature of certain of the claims upon Frank, that, unless promptly discharged, he would be arrested, and an execution put into his house. There was consequently no time to be lost. It was perhaps possible to awaken the recollection of Lord Ormington. The affections possess a mysterious hold over the intellects; and a strong representation of the evils impending over Jane, might perhaps produce a shock causing the electric chain to vibrate. At all events, the attempt could do no harm.

I presented myself accordingly in Hanover Square. Lord Ormington inhabited that hateful back-drawing room to which I have before adverted, as the scene of my mother's dying hours; and I can scarcely describe the reluctance with which I found myself once more on the threshold.—I had not even enquired for Julia.—I did not wish to involve *her* in an affair which it was desirable to keep from the knowledge of her husband, who was on unfriendly terms with Walsingham.

The servant naturally announced me as "Mr. Danby!"—and that now unfamiliar name so startled the ear and roused the sensibilities of poor Lord Ormington, that, as on occasion of my former visit, he tottered forward and threw himself into my arms.—

Decrepit, feeble, his long white hair hanging loosely on his shrunken temples, his withered face furrowed not by years alone but by a weary series of domestic sorrows, now possessed a venerable air, redeeming it from all its former

triviality. Though the expression of those glazed blue eyes was cold and vacant, it was impossible to divest oneself of a certain feeling of deference towards his helpless old age.—

I sat down beside him on his low sofa, and saw by the tenderness with which his palsied hand still clutched at the sleeve of my coat, that I had not dissuaded him from mistaking me for his more dearly beloved son.—It was painful to me to rectify an error that made him so happy. I resolved to say no more about it. The misconception might be in our favour.—

Previous to risking my appeal, a disagreeable obstacle was to be removed.—Coulson, aged as his master but unimpaired in faculties, was his constant companion; and though the servant who officiated as attendant on both, had discreetly retired upon my entrance, the privileged abomination resolutely kept his seat; nay, rigidly kept his eye fixed upon my movements, as the hunter upon those of a beast of prey.—

There was no standing this.—The crisis was such as to obviate all scruples. I therefore coolly but peremptorily desired to be left alone with his lordship. It was the first time I had ever assumed an air of authority in Coulson's presence:—and, at that moment, he probably beheld in me the future Lord Ormington; for rising from his seat with a sullen scowl, he hobbled out of the room.—

I was now alone with the old man. I might as well have been alone with a corpse,—as once before in that hated room,—for any purposes of vitality that remained in my companion. But I adhered to my resolution. Though shuddering at the idea of the imposture to which I had recourse, I spoke of poor Jane as my daughter—(and was she *not* so by love and adoption?)—adverted to her household distresses, and assured him that nothing short of a gratuity of six thousand pounds could restore her to credit and comfort.

At first, he listened as though not a syllable

I was uttering penetrated the confusion of his brain. But when I persevered,—when I spoke of her as my child,—my dear child,—suffering,—disgraced,—houseless,—spoke of her with tearful eyes and faltering voice, as the father would have done who stood by my bedside at Genoa,—he began, as if by sympathy, to tremble and weep; and to do him justice, from the moment he was made to comprehend that a pecuniary sacrifice was demanded of him, did not hesitate.—

He called for pens, ink, paper:—seating himself at the table to write in such utter bewilderment of mind, that it was only too painfully clear, I was committing an act of robbery. But robbery of whom?—*Myself!*—I was his *inevitable* heir. A few hours, and I might come into possession of the princely fortune of which, for the use of others, I was subtracting a part.—

The great difficulty, now, was to limit the extent of his munificence. How much was wanted?—For what amount should the order

upon his banker be made out?—If six thousand pounds were required, would not ten, would not twenty be better?—He had seventy or eighty thousand pounds, he said, lying idle at Rothschild's!—I had only to name my sum.

I named *ten* thousand,—regarding the money as more than half my own; and resolving to invest the surplus in the hands of the Walsingham's banker, for the separate use of Jane.—With so wild a husband, I could not but foresee a period when such a resource might be of vital importance.—Unluckily, the order was made out in my favour as "pay to Mr. Danby or order."—

Having completed my purpose, and conscious of the joy it was about to convey to the Walsinghams, by restoring peace of mind to Jane and solacing the remorse of Frank, I could almost have kissed the withered hand by whose concession the miracle had been accomplished.—Little had I imagined that any series of words traced by Lord Ormington would ever bring

tears of gratitude into my eyes.—I thanked him heartily.—I am afraid that, in order to soothe his ear by the word it thirsted for, I even, for once in my life, called him by the hallowed name of "FATHER!"—

Having summoned back Coulson and the servant, the former of whom I saw cast a mistrustful glance at the standish and open blotting book on the table, I hurried away, in order to get the order cashed before the closing of the banking-house. In the hall, I met with Herries. He seemed anxious and out of breath; and it was much earlier than his usual time for returning home. I afterwards ascertained that he had been expressly sent for from his office, by the officious old Coulson, with an intimation that Mr. Danby—no, not Mr. Danby,—CECIL,—the enemy,—had insisted upon a private interview with the invalid—

Οὑτός ἐστι γαλεώτης γέρων.

But the deed was done!—

Painful and humiliating as were these scenes to my feelings, I can attest that all was fully compensated by the dinner I enjoyed that day in Connaught Place.—Six months of delinquency and full three of remorse, on the part of Walsingham, had so undermined their domestic happiness, and care had already hollowed such an abyss under their feet, that it was as a renewal of youth and love and joy, to feel themselves suddenly secured from evil, and restored to their place in society.—

After dinner, the boy was brought for a moment, and placed in his mother's arms. How my heart thrilled under the look of Frank, when after fixing his tearful eyes a moment upon the child and mother, they sought my own!—

I did not return the following day to Hanover Square, though gratitude to Lord Ormington almost tempted me. But I felt somewhat conscience-struck. I had transgressed a commandment.—I had done evil that good might come;—and had not courage to walk

as a delinquent into the house of such a Pharisee as the Right Hon. Halbert Herries, M. P. President of the Board of ———, and half the moral-mending societies of this sinful metropolis.

It was more agreeable to stay at home and indite verses to Lady Phœbe's arched eyebrow; and fifty times more agreeable to go and meet her, as I did, daily in the ride, or nightly in the ball rooms or at the opera.—The spectacle of the happiness in Connaught Place seemed to have infused Spring into my soul.—I was not more than five-and-twenty;—no!—(smile, Public, if you will,)—I swear I was not more than five-and-twenty!—Try the effect of a kind action, if you have heart enough in your Behemothic body, towards bringing back the bloom and elasticity of youth. I say, only *try!*—I understand your sneer.—For worlds *you* would not have betrayed the confidence of a "foolish fond old man, fourscore and upwards," to obtain possession of a vile amount of

filthy lucre.—*You* would feel yourself worthy the pillory or the galleys, after so despicable an act of fraud !—

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate est et gratia, et caritas,—

and all weakness is wickedness. Quite right, most upright Public!—"a Daniel,—a second Daniel!"—Stick to your copy-book-morality, and the path of rectitude for ever! Take care, (as poor Richard says) or Care will take you. Be a good Public !—Continue to the end of your days to demonstrate your patriotism and loyalty by punctuality with your tax-gatherer and toasting the Queen Dowager with four times four; and you will deserve well of your country, and merit the esteem of your family Chaplain and the approbation of the Morning Post.

"I hope," (as Dr. Johnson brutally retorted to the young student who presumed to ask the meaning of one of his sesquipedalian harangues,)—"I hope, my Public, I have said nothing you can understand?"—

## CHAPTER VIII.

Ceux là, plaignez les !
Car ils souffrent, hélas, un mal inguérissable,
Ils mêlent une larme à chaque grain de sable
Que le temps laisse cheoir.
Leur cœur, comme une orfraie au fond d'une ruine
Râle piteusement dans leur maigre poitrine
L'hymne du désespoir !—
Leur vie est comme un bois à la fin de l'Automne,
Chaque souffle qui passe arrache à leur couronne
Quelque reste de vert ;
Et leurs rêves en pleurs s'en vont fendant les nues,
Silencieux, pareils à des files de grues
Quand approche l'hiver.

I HAVE so often sued for the sympathy of my gentler readers in the April mutability of my tender joys and sorrows, that I scarcely dare entreat them anew in my behalf as a lover.—Nevertheless, so long as Government kept open its state gambling booths, the lottery offices, people were found ingenuous enough to

trust year after year to the golden promises of Messrs. Goodluck and Hazard, risking for the hundred and fiftieth time in their lives the probability of a blank;—and let me trust they have left simple-minded descendants who will embark with me once more in that Paphian galley, whose purple sails and silver oars—but I beg pardon—I am neither Mr. Hazard nor Mr. Goodluck, and may spare myself the puff-preliminary of an advertisement.—

Suffice it that the evident preference entertained for me by Lady Phœbe Locksley over twenty envious rivals, was not churlishly rewarded.—I loved her as such generosity, to say nothing of such beauty, deserved to be loved. I loved her like a boy,—I loved her like a child;—no! I loved her like CECIL—a word comprehending a united edition of Catullus, Thomas Morus, and the Code Moral of White's.—

I could perceive, lovely creature! that she was at times mischievously amused by the

spite of which she saw me the object.—De Greyvin, Hartingfield, Rotherhithe and the rest could not be commonly civil to me; and as to the Earl, the two scarlet spots upon his cheek-bones burnt there so permanently, as to resemble a split tomata, or a sprinkling of his favourite Cayenne!—For though my prospects were brilliant enough to have satisfied almost any other father of a *demoiselle à marier* in the matrimonial mart, Lord Ashby had so decidedly set his heart upon a Duchessdom,—and Clarensfield and Devereux were both so desperately in love, that I was as much a detrimental in *his* eyes, as I could have been in my earliest days of Cecil Danbyism when a clerk of the F. O.—

Lady Phœbe did not care,—no more did I. The fiercer her father frowned upon me, the more softly she smiled.—It seemed to divert her to witness my efforts to conciliate the old monster, by keeping him in conversation by the hour together, near the supper-table at

some ball, in order that she might eat her chicken in peace;—that is, I suppose she was eating her chicken;—but I so far shared the prejudices of Byron against voracity in womankind, that for worlds I would not have seen her open her lovely mouth for any other purpose than the emission of a bon-mot.—

I could almost have wished she had not been *quite* so fond of balls!—It took me out of my orbit,—it took me from my clubs,—it took me from my whist,—to be perpetually dancing attendance, after *her* dancing. But at Lady Phœbe's age, it was only natural. And after all, it was better she should enjoy herself to the utmost now; and while fair and frank and free, weary herself with the pursuit of pleasure, so as to settle down happily with me a few years later, in domestic tranquillity at Ormington Hall.—The girls who remain torpid in their girlhood, cold as the reflection of the moon in a well, are pretty sure to repay themselves for such ill-timed sobriety by a glowing meridian,

ten years after date. — I detest even virtues that are unnatural. I hate a matronly Miss. The cat should begin by being a kitten.

I was now a frequent guest at Lord Ashby's house in Grafton Street; for as I went there accompanied by Devereux who had adopted me as a sponsor in the faith of coxcombry, the Earl could not decently decline my visits. The young marquis was shy and diffident, and would not have found courage to go at all, but as the companion of one with whom the fair Phœbe was on the friendliest terms of intimacy. —She was always ready to chat with *me*. We talked German together,—and discussed men, manners and measures, with a *connaissance de cause*, such as is never acquired save among the glib-tongued *causeries* of the Continent ;—*avoir la langue bien pendue* by the way, being an expression that never need be racked by translation into the English tongue.

Talking of continental *causeries*, the curious reader will be interested to learn that the most

satisfactory letters reached me from the banks of the Magro.—Nunziata, charmed to find in my young friend an auditor almost as enthusiastic as myself of her reminiscences of my brother, did not relax in her endeavours to restore poor Chippenham to a frame of mind more suitable to his brilliant prospects in life.—

"I had set my heart," wrote the dear Princess, "on making him cast aside the bear's skin so little appropriate to his condition; and find the nature beneath, as I anticipated, benign, gracious, and grateful as your own."—

And thus, between his gratitude, graciousness and benignity, Chipp was leading a mighty pleasant life of it at Lucca. — He studied Italian with Nunziata;—he read the classics with the good old Prince;—he bore up against the improvisations of the L**i librarian,—just as I had done before him.—It was a task worthy my gentle friend to restore the unhappy boy to himself and his parents.

Before Chippenham returned to England to take his seat in Parliament, he would doubtless have become as heart-whole as though there had never been a Jane Danby or Jane Walsingham in the world.—

Arthur Cornwallis, who had been the Eton chum of Chipp, used often to question me concerning his present dispositions, and united with me in lamenting that he should have remained in town after Mrs. Walsingham's marriage, to render himself unpopular by eccentricities of speech which every one was not indulgent enough to trace to momentary irritation. — He was a good fellow enough Arthur Cornwallis;—well-looking, well-bred, and ingratiating—luckily enough for *him*,—for a Marquis's younger son has usually his own way to make in the world.—Arthur was a cornet in the life-guards,—leading a showy useless life;—but I liked him well enough to waste occasionally an hour in his company. The sanguine temper of a boy does one's heart

good, now and then—like those autumnal gleams of sunshine that call up the after-grass. Even for his own sake, I liked to encourage him

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος ἐνεργετὸς πεφυκώς.

and I felt interested in his ingenuous spirit.—But my time was about to be less agreeably occupied.

One day, as I was dressing to join a dinner party at Lovegrove's, in which Lord Ashby and Lady Phœbe were included, I received a letter from Mr. Scriven Screwham stating his wish "to be permitted to wait upon me on the morrow upon most important business."

Previous to the death of my poor brother, let the business be ever so "important," Mr. Scriven Screwham used to beg I would do him the favour of waiting upon *him*. I was now, however, so very near being the head of the house under whose patronage *his* had risen out

of the mire to the pinnacle of the temple, that it was only seemly the tail should confess its subjection to the head.

I could not eat my white-bait in peace for pondering on what this important business might be. The wooden cupboards calling themselves rooms at the Crown and Sceptre, and looking out upon the swamps of the Isle of Dogs by way of prospect, seemed, between my recent Italian experience and existing impetuosity of feeling, too hot to hold me;—and I felt more angry than amused at the pleasantries of Lady Phœbe upon the flounders dressed in their weeds, and what the head-waiter called "treat with Genoese sarce,"—*i.e. truite à la Genevoise.*—I never, by the by, liked Lady Phœbe half so well when she was in these towering spirits. There was at times a laughing devilry in her mottled eye, that spoke of latent mischief. I have seen among the old Italian masters the daughter of Herodias depicted with just that false expression,—an assumed

joyousness to conceal a cruel purpose.—But what do I mean by comparing my own lovely Lady Phœbe,—my own future Lady Ormington, —with the daughter of Herodias!—

The mysterious mission from Lincoln's Inn Fields, regarded nothing more nor less than an intimation by Herries to the acting men of business of Lord Ormington, of his intention to ——— my Beloved Public! ——— I implore you guess to what extent this hard-hearted man could be induced to carry out his notions of business-like propriety?—His wife's father, —his children's grandfather —his benefactor,— his friend!—He was about to take out a Statute of Lunacy against him,—a Statute of Lunacy to prevent his disposing of his property by acts of prodigality, or altering a will made on Danby's death disposing of his personal property in favour of Julia!—Herries had become aware of the gift of ten thousand pounds, as it appeared by the banker's book, to *me*. What had occurred once, might occur twice,—nay,

twenty times; and, the prudent son-in-law reminded Scriven Screwham of his lordship's utter incapacity to resist any personal pecuniary claim,—nay his incompetency to distinguish one person from another.

All this was partially true. Still, the public exposure, the public insult to a poor old man, tottering on the brink of the grave!—In a family so small as ours, surely unanimity should not have been so difficult but that some private arrangement might have been made, previous to the application to Chancery, which Herries, at the instigation of his counsel, had already effected.

I was thunderstruck; yet scarcely less grieved than astonished. Little as I had loved Lord Ormington in earlier life, for worlds I would not, in this eleventh hour, have held to his lips a sponge filled with vinegar and hyssop to embitter his last moments.

The law advisers of Herries had privately signified to Scriven Screwham and Co. that

there was war between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent:—that Herries, certain of my animosity, the moment I should come into possession of the family property, chose to take the initiative and protect his interests.—I confess I had once remarked in his presence that, the strict entail of the Danby estates rendering it impossible for me to do anything material for Mrs. Walsingham, I considered my brother's daughter entitled to a share of her grandfather's personalty; but little imagined that this casual remark would in the end lead to the sequestration of the poor old man's property, or his degradation from the scale of intellectual beings.

For the commission was in progress. The gripe of Chancery, potent as the protection of the wolf over the lamb, had plunged its talons into his person and estates. He was tabooed. He was under the guardianship of a superior court. A jury was about to assemble,—a jury *de lunatico inquirendo!*—What a climax to the domestic scandals of Hanover Square!

Herries had instituted himself next friend to the lunatic. Herries had caused "a proper person" to be placed about him for his better security; and no one else was to approach him, on pretence that conversation aggravated his mental disturbance.—Poor old man!—placed under the tyranny of a keeper for the simple act of bestowing a portion of his superfluous wealth on the orphan of a beloved son!—

I can scarcely venture to depict the height to which my choler was excited by this very unnecessary exposure of our family affairs.—I was too indignant to find words for addressing Herries, but attempted a letter of remonstrance to Julia. Julia had been once kind, merciful, equitable. Julia had been the fond and fondly loved sister of poor Danby. I appealed to her in *his* name to reflect upon the injury she was about to inflict upon Jane.—She replied, mildly and rationally, but declining interference.

"She had exercised no influence," she said,

"over Mr. Herries's proceedings in the business, and could presume to exercise none."—

But by the expression "Mr. Herries," which my sister was not wont to use, I perceived that her heart was with *us;* and that it was only a wife-like sense of duty that prevented her avowing her indignation at this dirty fellow's interested barbarity.—

From the moment this atrocious business was agitated, it will readily be supposed that I shrank from the observation of society.—Little, Heaven knows, as the infirmities of the poor old man involved *me* in their inheritance, they involved me in their dishonour;—for though the object of Herries was simply to show Lord Ormington's incompetency to the management of his worldly affairs, it would perhaps be necessary to exhibit proofs of weaknesses and deviations from propriety, placing me before the world, if not as the son of a lunatic, at least as the son of a drivelling idiot.—I own I was sometimes obliged to remind myself that

it was indispensable to appear conscious of shame as the *son* of Lord Ormington, as well as indignant as a sympathizing fellow creature; and instead of shining forth in my usual glory in the beloved bay-window, or eating my lobster-sallad at Crockey's, I became as domestic as a barn-door fowl.—

I even abstained from Lord Ashby's.—But Lady Phœbe sent me so many kind messages by Arthur Cornwallis,—Lady Phœbe assured me that in any family trouble the society of our best friends was so natural a resource, that I had not the heart to stay away.—Old Ashby grew more and more brutal.—But who could wonder!—To have his only daughter preferring a man *frisant la cinquantaine*, while a dukedom and the handsomest young fellow in England attached to it, lay disregarded at her feet!—

One Sunday, Lady Phœbe having whispered to me a request to meet her and her father at the Zoological Gardens, I found it impossible to refuse; and having found Arthur Cornwallis

at the gate, took his arm to go in search of Lord Ashby whose phaeton was in waiting.—We soon joined the party; and had I addressed my observations touching the leader of that morning's Examiner to one of the bears in the pit, instead of to the surly Earl, the growl that answered me might have possessed more suavity.—For Phœbe's sake, however, I persevered; and with the more virtue, that while I was talking about Irish municipalities to the father, the daughter was prattling about water-parties with Arthur. — At the hazy extremity of life to which I have now attained, it often strikes me that the sum total of time lost by a professed coxcomb in the propitiation of duennas, fathers, and husbands, deducts a cruel per centage from his small account of mortal existence!—

We were sauntering on from bird to beast and beast to bird, the Earl snapping at me in monosyllables, while the *roucoucoucoulement* of Arthur and his fair companion served as a

running accompaniment to his *staccato rinforzato* notes, when, as we stood for a moment to examine the goings to and fro on the earth of the den of wolves, I was struck by a somewhat familiar voice talking very sensible sense indeed, to two young children, who ought to have been wondering whether the wolves before us were any relation to Red Riding Hood's. I am not fond of seeing strong meat administered to babes. It makes *them* sick, and it makes *me*. This learned parent inflicted as severe a dose of Buffon on a poor feeble little boy of four years old, as might have produced a shock upon the constitution of a Professor of the Royal Institution.

This over-physicking with knowledge had evidently undermined the system of the poor little things. That luckless boy and his sister were too yellow-complexioned creatures, that looked as if they had been crammed with information, like turkey chicks, from the very egg-shell.

Lord Ashby, however, seemed as much

edified by the lady's natural-historical lesson, as if she had been reciting one of Peter Parley's little books; which would probably have conveyed all the information available either to his lordship or the infants.—

For *my* part I felt as restless as one of the wolves. My presentiments had not deceived me.—The Sir Hans Sloane in petticoats was Sophronia,—not Vavasour I trust,—for the infant martyrs of science called her "Ma!"—

I was horribly afraid lest dear Lady Phœbe should see me familiarly recognized by such a party; more especially with the probability of a fainting fit that might have caused the grebes or otters to be disturbed from their aquatic recreations, in order to procure a sprinkling of water.—But I stole a glance round at Sophronia, and was terror-struck to perceive what havoc eight years and a tropical climate may effect in the human countenance.—The complexion of a cresanne pear,—teeth resembling those of the beaver in the adjoining hutch,—and wrinkles

ad infinitum, like one of the old portraits of Denner!—And then the sharp shrill voice, that seemed accustomed to convey only reprehension or instruction.—How dreadfully well she was bringing up her children!—What a rational mother,—what an admirable member of society,—and what a bonnet,—and what a pair of boots!—

I fancy I must have looked aghast as Clarence waking from his dream, when I turned towards Lady Phœbe from the awful spectacle of the woman I had wanted to make my wife; for Arthur Cornwallis asked me what was the matter, and swore the nondescript female near whom we had been standing smelt so strongly of camphor, that she had given me a vertigo.—I was greatly relieved when Lord Ashby, (perceiving that Phœbe, guarded betwixt me and Lord Arthur, was unapproachable to Devereux, who kept hovering round us like a moth,) made his way towards the gate.—I had a sort of horrific impression that So-

phronia was a widow, and that the Serpent near the Bread-fruit tree was, after the lapse of years, coming to enfold me in its scaly coil!—Nay, I woke next morning from a hideous dream to that effect; screaming, like the people in Matt. Lewis's tale,—"the anaconda—the anaconda!"

I had little leisure or opportunity to ascertain the truth of my surmises;—for a few days afterwards, that accursed Commission was held at an hotel in Hanover Square, so as not to disturb or intimidate the unfortunate object of the inquest.—

The Commission was composed of the most respectable bankers and merchants of the neighbourhood,—precisely the order of persons on whom the parliamentary and official integrity of Herries imposed as a guarantee for the purity of his motives in the present proceeding. They assembled with a conviction that the father-in-law *must* be infirm of mind, whom so upright a statesman saw fit to place under

the protection of Chancery.—Poor old man!—eighty-two,—and his hoary hairs thus publicly brought to shame!—I have little doubt that had I been with him up to the moment of his examination before the Commissioners, I could so have sustained his courage and marshalled his ideas, as to enable him to pass muster, as not much more doting than other old lords suffered to go at large.—But I had not seen him since the hateful affair of the money order; and he was left to the domination of his sorrow-peopled solitude, in the miserable suite of rooms which had witnessed his succession of domestic tribulations;—where he had exercised all the virtue of which a nature like his was capable, by leaving vengeance against the wrongers of his hearth to the jealous GOD they had offended;—and earned pardon for his own trespasses by shedding tears of forgiveness on the bier of the wife who had so sorely trespassed against him!—It was easy to imagine that a mind haunted by such reminiscences as those walls

conveyed, might be defeatured and worn down by the grinding hand of Care, united with the corroding influence of Time.—

The witnesses called to depose to the state of Lord Ormington's faculties, were, first, his physician, who attested him to have been labouring for many months under bodily and mental infirmities, rendering him at intervals incapable of self-government, and at all times incompetent to the discharge of business.

Next to Physic, the Law.—Mr. Scriven Screwham, carefully examined by the Commissioners, admitted that there were periods when his noble client was unable to distinguish one member of his family from another; and that he had been known to dispose of large sums of money in a loose and inconsistent manner.

After Physic and Law, Divinity. The Bishop of * * * * * was brought forward as "an old friend and intimate of Lord Ormington;" and though that pompous prelate, like a certain

more gorgeous Cardinal, assumed a perpetual attitude of—"*l'Eglise c'est moi!*"—methought it would not have injured him to commingle a laurel leaf or two with his episcopal palms, by appearing as "tutor of his lordship's late distinguished son."—All he did, however, was to testify that, since the death of Mr. Danby, the universally respected Member for L——shire, a deficiency in his Lordship's perceptions had been apparent to his friends; that, on occasionally visiting Hanover Square, Lord Ormington persisted in addressing him as Dr. Droneby, a name he had not borne for the last five-and-twenty years;—and that his observations upon the political state of the country, more especially as regarded Church Reform, were incoherent and irrational.—The venerable Prelate, in adverting to the painful necessity for the present measure, and the delicate position of his Right Hon. Friend, the President of the Board of ———, became so feelingly eloquent, that a

considerable number of the Commissioners were deeply affected.—There is a certain species of eloquence which I regard as the swindling of rhetoric.—Thanks to that of the Bishop, matters were going hard against poor Lord Ormington.

Meanwhile, as the extraordinary manner in which Herries had conducted himself towards me in the business, intitled me to consider myself a hostile party, I had secured the best legal aid; and by the dextrous mode of cross-examination by which the Rope-walk Counsel and others are enabled to make the worse appear the better cause, there was little difficulty in proving that Lord Ormington had, within a short time, issued the most lucid instructions to his Lancashire agents and overseers; for his agricultural interests having no connection with his moral feelings, his mind was on that head dominated by the force of routine.—His bankers were also cited to prove that his powers of calculation were in full

activity: that he seldom gave money orders, but when he did so, they were phrased in good form; nay, that at no great distance of time, he had detected a trifling error in the balance of his book.

One or two of the older commissioners looked staggered. To destroy the social identity of a man capable of a sum in addition, seemed alarming. Each of them had a banker's book. Each of them had some relative who might find it agreeable to take the control thereof out of his hands, previous to balancing the debt of nature.—

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

They began to perceive that the question had two sides.

The legal advisers of Herries, discerning this reaction, saw that it was time to apply combustibles to the pile.—The banker was recalled.—The banker was cross-questioned whether, "within a short space of time, an order

for no less a sum of money than ten thousand pounds had not been addressed to him by Lord Ormington, and duly honoured, which, in a subsequent conversation with his lordship, he appeared to have totally forgotten, and at length stated to have been given to another party than the one in whose favour it was made out,—a party long deceased ?"

All undeniable !—Again, the Commissioners were startled.—Ten thousand pounds disposed of by a stroke of the pen under a false impression of identity !—What fortune could stand against such accessions of weakness !—The inheritance of the noble family of Danby demanded protection at their hands !—

By a cunning arrangement of Herries, the evidence of Coulson was next required ; and the sight of the grey hairs of that venerable retainer of the venerable peer, produced all the impression anticipated.—The old man trembled and seemed deeply affected. But the vindictive glare of his fierce grey eye, was unsoftened even by his tears.

The ancient serving-man gave his evidence with a tremulous earnestness arising more from anxiety than feebleness. He adverted at some length to the domestic afflictions of his lord,—to his married life as having been most unhappy,—to the loss of the youthful heir of his house, *as it was trusted*, by an accident, and to the death of my brother as having occurred suddenly and mysteriously in a foreign country. There was a tone in his manner of uttering those allusions which caused the Commissioners to interchange glances. — Most of them were matter-of-fact Marylebonians. They began to espy glimpses of something terrible,—glimmerings of a family Castle of Udolpho.—

The examination had now extended to a length demanding a pause for breath,—or at least for Madeira and sandwiches: and it was decided that an adjournment was indispensable, to afford the Commissioners personal access to the alleged lunatic.—

Next day, of course, every item of the

examination appeared in the morning papers! —Reporter-authority differed as to the exact sum bullied out of the venerable peer; some stating it at ten, some at forty thousand pounds, according to their auricular capabilities or the politics of the paper reported for; some stating that the order had been given to a near relation, others hinting at a professional friend; while one or two darkly hinted that "the *invaluable* casket of Ormington diamonds, *valued* at £60,000 was not forthcoming." *I* had never heard the family jewels valued at more than £18,000, and knew them to be safe enough at the bankers.—But these inuendoes were intended as civilities to Herries.—

The following day poor Lord Ormington, who was fortunately in somewhat stronger health than usual, was prepared by my sister for the visitation he had to undergo.—He was told that two new medical men were coming to see him:—for it had been settled that, not to harass him, he should be waited upon by the

Commissioners; who were to surprise him in his ordinary course of occupation, which consisted in rolling between his fingers little paper spilikens for matches, or on his less industrious days, thrusting his fingers through the button-holes of his coat,—during which operation, nothing could exceed the vacant, woe-begone expression of his countenance.—

When the strangers entered, as I afterwards learned, they were at once impressed by the idiotism of his aspect.—But the elder of the two, Sir Joseph Harman, an eminent merchant, who retained for the memory of Danby as a public man sufficient respect to be zealous for the welfare of his helpless father,—sat down beside the old man and tenderly and gently attempted to engage him in conversation.—He tried neutral topics. Canada was the bagged fox of the hour, and Sir Joseph, (who had perhaps speculated in timber) turned it out to be run down.—

Lord Ormington came off victorious. Twenty

minutes before, Coulson had been reading the great letters of three morning papers to him, treating of this subject, which neither of them cared for, but which presented the easiest type for the old man's eyes; and the words "House of Assembly," — Executive Council," and "Toronto," seemed to loose the floodgates of his lordship's memory, for he burst into a dissertation that would have done honour to any Head, even Sir Francis Bond!—

Agreeably surprised, (for the Harley Street merchant was a humane and kindly affectioned man,) Sir Joseph, calculating largely upon the effect likely to be produced on his colleagues by such evidences of lucidity of intellect, inquired whether his lordship had any objection to step into his carriage, which was in waiting, and accompany him to an assemblage of gentlemen, to whom the exposition of his opinions on the Canada question, might afford valuable service.—

Lord Ormington was amazed; evidently

considering his new Doctor as much a madman as Sir Joseph came prepared to consider *him*. —But the notion of the exploit tickled his fancy.—With the cunning of fatuity, he rejoiced in the idea of vexing Herries, who invariably opposed all communication with strangers; and in all the unsuspiciousness of second childhood, he went his way into the snare.—

A considerable impression was produced upon all present by the venerable appearance of the poor old man, when gently led into the room, between his servant and Sir Joseph.—His salutations were courteous and gentlemanly; — nothing in his deportment unbecoming his position in life;—and when spurred anew on the Canada chapter, he recommenced his lesson with fluency. But alas! he became perplexed,—and the commixture of strong sense and senile babbling, was precisely as when a bullfinch, who has been piping its air as if incapable of mistake, suddenly breaks off and gives utterance to a series of meaningless

notes,—then resumes the tune for a bar or two, —to disappoint its auditors by fresh bewilderment.

On the whole, however, the Commissioners were startled by the fragments of sound policy emitted by the patient; and Lord Ormington, pleased to find himself so respectfully interrogated, seemed to labour back to reason, in order to acquit himself with propriety.

As a becoming thing whereon to sound the depths of a nobleman's reason, some one mentioned the king. It happened that the old man entertained a personal affection for William IV; and his remarks were motived by such almost fraternal regard, that what was in truth mere sympathy of manhood passed for a noble zeal of loyalty, highly honourable to his aristocratic instincts.—Poor Lord Ormington had much less to fear at that moment, for his liberty, than Herries for the reversion his ungodly coveting of which was the origin of that cruel investigation!—

Unluckily, a Scottish banker, named Macpherson, of somewhat less easy conscience than the rest, chose to consider it his duty to explain to the old gentleman, the motive of the meeting into which he had been thus introduced; — inquiring whether his lordship were aware that a Commission had been appointed by the Lord Chancellor, for the purpose of examining into his capability of the administration of his worldly affairs.

Would he had been at the bottom of the Clyde!—The question had to be repeated three times, with all the variations of delicate circumlocution, before Lord Ormington could be made even to surmise its meaning; till Herries's solicitor officiously whispered the unmistakable phrase of "*de lunatico inquirendo.*"

The old Lord, who had been quietly seated among the Commissioners,—now started from his chair; and though usually incapable of stirring a step without assistance, tottered towards the table, and leaning on it, made the

man of business articulately repeat the words whose hateful purport had thus stirred his feelings.—

A hectic glow rushed instantly to his pale face, and a general tremor seized his frame, as he clasped his withered hands together,—at the risk, as every beholder apprehended, of falling to the ground.—But the strength of indignation was within him!

"MAD?"—cried he; "they want to prove me *mad?*—to deprive me of my liberty?—to shut me up from light and life,—to degrade me,—to annihilate me,—to drive down my grey hairs with shame into the grave?—And the law will permit them to do this?—Because I am no longer strong and vigorous, they will be allowed to chastise me as a child,—to scoff at me,—to call me fool—idiot,—madman?—Oh! why am I thus alone among my enemies!—Why did I not die with my poor son?—My GOD—my GOD!—Why hast thou forsaken me!"—

But that he was supported by the interposition of those around him, the heart-broken man would have fallen prostrate.—They placed a chair for him.—They besought him to be composed.—They pitied him with exceeding pity.—But his best solace was in the tears that now burst forth, and poured down his aged cheeks.—

The same worthy man who had already, in his excess of good will, plunged a dagger into his heart, now answered and said unto him in the vein of Eliphaz the Temanite, or rather as children are told when they are flogged, that "all was intended for his good;"—that it was to protect *his* person and fortune the commission had been instituted;—that the Chancellor was the father of the fatherless,—the guardian of the helpless;—nay, that it was by his natural heirs, and next of kin, by whom the court of Chancery had been petitioned in his behalf.—

Again, the unhappy man started to his feet.

"I knew it"—cried he with frantic rage.—"I felt it, — I felt there was venom in the wound!—I felt it could proceed from no hand but *his*.—CECIL! the accursed Cecil,—robber,—murderer,—monster!—the interloper in my family, who stole my children's bread,—the reptile who crept to their cradles and poisoned them with his slaver!—Assassin,—wretch,—oh! were he only here, that I might spring to his throat and make my last act an act of justice, by strangling him with these feeble hands! The law might then do its worst upon me.—Yet what could it do more than it is about to do,—declare me a lunatic and erase my name from the roll of responsible beings!—More merciful to kill me, and bury me at once!—Oh! I shall go mad,—*mad indeed*,—if this torture be prolonged."

A dead silence prevailed in the room, after the frantic man had fallen back exhausted in his chair.—No one paid much heed to the words he had uttered. His disturbed manner

and haggard eyes avouched them to be the ravings of insanity.—

Still, Mr Macpherson ventured to whisper a hope that he would subdue the unchristianly delusions by which he allowed his mind to be irritated against his son,—his only son,—the inheritor of his rank and fortune.—

"*My* son is not of this world, or I should not be vilified and molested thus!" faltered the weeping old man, without rising from his seat. —"Danby is in his grave,—in his cold, cold grave,—and his child is in his grave,—and his wife.—All of them, all of them!—And *who* drove them there?—CECIL!—and may the everlasting penalties of—"

"Be calm, my lord!—I entreat you to be calm!"—interposed one of the medical men present.—"As the father of Mr. Danby—as—"

"I tell you again I am *not* his father," cried Lord Ormington. "The law made me so,—the law which is about to make me a madman! —Sir Lionel Dashwood was his father.—Cecil

Danby is an alien,—a changeling,—an outcast!—And he will inherit all!—Houses and lands,—houses and lands,—name, titles, honours, —all, all, all!—But he shall inherit my malediction too.—My curse shall be upon him. He shall never thrive,—he shall never come to honour.—The blood of Danby's child is upon his head,—and the outrage heaped on my grey hairs is upon his head; and every man's hand shall be against him, and his name accursed in the land for evermore."—

The hoarse gasping voice in which Lord Ormington uttered these intemperate denunciations gradually subsided into inarticulate mutterings, till at length he seemed to sink into utter insensibility; when, at a signal from Sir Joseph, he was gently lifted away in his arm chair and placed in the carriage.—His restoration to consciousness in his accustomed chamber, must have only too grievously resembled that of the heart-broken Lear, when similarly borne away, oppressed by similar afflictions.—

The unanimous verdict of the jury upon Lord Ormington was "*non compos mentis*, and incapable of managing his own affairs since the 1st of the current month."—

Herries caused me to be apprized that it was at *his* lawyer's suggestion the date was so recent,—in order to spare me the humiliation of a legal dispute touching the large sum of money paid to my order.

I perfectly understood him.—The hint was intended as a sop to the future Cerberus of Ormington Hall:—

Habent insidias hominis blanditiâ mali!—

## CHAPTER IX.

Once more I saw him when his spirits fail'd,
And my desire to aid him then prevail'd;
He show'd a softer feeling in his eye,
And watch'd my looks, and own'd the sympathy.
'Twas now the calm of wearied pride; so long
As he had strength was his resentment strong.
But in that place, with strangers all around,
And worse than strangers, to have something found
Allied to his own heart,—an early friend
To soothe the sorrows of his journey's end:
One link, however slender, of the chain
That held him where he could not long remain;
The one sole interest!—No, he could not now
Retain his anger,—Nature knew not how.
And so, there came a softness to his mind,
And he forgave the usage of mankind.
His cold long fingers now were press'd to mine,
And his faint smile of kinder thoughts gave sign;
His lips mov'd often as he tried to lend
His words their sound, and softly whisper'd "friend."
Not without comfort in the thought express'd
By that calm look, the sufferer sank to rest!

CRABBE.

Dupl'ex libelli dos est: quod risum movet
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio mouet.

PHED.

I DID not re-appear upon the London boards during the brief remainder of the season—the

proceedings of that cruel Commission had been too public.—I afterwards discovered that Lord Ashby had been careful to place the most odiously minute details of the newspaper accounts, in the hands of his daughter. But Lady Phœbe answered him with a smile, in words borrowed from his own occasional bursts of irritability,—that "nobody in their senses put the smallest trust in newspapers."—

She was even careful and kind enough, blessed angel, to send me repeated messages by Lord Arthur Cornwallis,—begging that, since I shunned general society, I would become only the more accessible to my friends!—Oh! woman,—woman!—

Meanwhile, the custody of Lord Ormington's person was consigned to Herries,—with advice from the Master in Chancery, that since his lordship's irritability was so strangely excitable by sight or mention of his son, Mr. Danby should be restricted from approaching him.—A handsome sum was apportioned to

his maintenance, and a sum quadrupling my former allowance, to mine;—the Court of Chancery contemplating me only as immediate heir to the princely fortune of the lunatic.—

But though this secured my independence, though it even placed me in a situation to offer my hand to Lady Phœbe Locksley, gladly would I have renounced the unsought advantage, to have secured the hapless old man from the ignominy he had undergone,—the oppression he was undergoing.—

For the galling consciousness of his situation so far justified the precaution of Herries, that he was now a lunatic indeed!—He never recovered the use of his shattered senses.—He became violent.—He was subjected to coercion. Like a chidden child, he had to beg for mercy and pardon to his keepers. He underwent all the anguish, a mere apprehension of which inspires merciful hearts to say of a confirmed lunatic, "Better he were in his grave!"—

It did not last long. A few months after-

wards, I received an intimation from his medical attendants, (my enemy Coulson was no more!) that if I desired to see his lordship my father yet alive, I must hasten to the villa at Kilburn where he was confined.—

I declined.—To what purpose irritate his dying moments?—or if in the state of stupor into which he was said to have recently fallen, to what end find myself in presence of a living corpse?—But, on my refusal, I received a visit from his physician, an able, urbane, strong-hearted man, who informed me that his patient, though fast sinking into the grave, was so thoroughly restored to consciousness, that, at Lord Ormington's express desire, he had obtained an order from the Master entitling me to visit him.—

Perceiving my irrepressible reluctance, Dr. —— assured me that I had no further animosity to apprehend; that his lordship's mood was now serene, benignant, all that could be desired in a dying man.—

"You will impart comfort, Sir," said he; "and if you will permit me to say so, perhaps receive it, by a parting interview."—

I went,—with what compunction of feeling will be readily understood.—I found Lord Ormington established in the greatest comfort; —but on approaching the door of his chamber, I stopped short and communed with my own heart,—like Frank Walsingham at that of his injured wife.—

The old man was propped with pillows,— his mien composed,—his long grey hair and beard imparting an almost patriarchal appearance.—But there was a light of comfort in his eyes;—the light that so often irradiates the face of the dying,—like the last gleams of light contending with the closing evening upon the sky,—or rather the first gleams of light annunciative of coming day,—even the foreshowing of immortality!—

"I wished to place my hand in your's, Cecil, before I take my leave of this world,"

said the dying man, in a low but distinct voice, as soon as we were alone.—"Through life, there has been a natural enmity between us.—But I am going where all human ties are dissolved,—where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage,—where GOD shall be all in all.—If I have ever injured *you*, Cecil, forgive me;—if you have injured *me*, accept my forgiveness."—

I answered him with respect,—with *more* than respect—with deep emotion.—It was with his cold withered hand enclasping mine, that he resumed.—

"I wished also," said he, "to bequeath my tenants to your kindness.—You are about to become Lord Ormington.—You *are* Lord Ormington.—Be indulgent with them, Cecil,—they have been faithful and dutiful to their old master,—if they be less so with their new, the fault will be his own.—I do not recommend my grandchild to you;—for you loved her father even as he loved *you*, and will be to her

as the parents she has lost.—But I recommend the good name of my fathers to you.—It has been heard of aforetime with distinction and honour. Let it never, *never* be found among the enemies of the country!"—

Such was the purport of our interview.—He who had sought it, brought it to a timely close. He wished, he said, to preserve his remaining strength for the last comforts of his religion. He gave me his blessing, and I, in return, my tears. At that moment, I saw in him the father of Danby: and he died as became the parent of such a son.—

I assumed my brother's place to mourn for him, to lay his head in the grave; and my sadness was deep and genuine. For I knew that he had suffered much;—and that it was partly through *my* fault no kindred heart was there to grieve over his remains.

Unmerited affliction hath a hallowing power that ennobles even the meanest natures. The heart severely searched by the hand of GOD,

becomes sacred as the dust whereto the Cross of redemption, borne by the Cyrenian, bequeathed its terrible impression.

I expressly stipulated that none of the Herries family should show their faces at the funeral ceremony, or thenceforward at Ormington Hall!—

La Bruyère has told us, and most of us have uttered a sad Heigho to the lesson, that "the events we ardently desire seldom occur; or occur at a moment when they have lost their power of conferring happiness."—

There had been more times than one in my life when, to have become master, as now, of an ancient Barony and revenues exceeding those of a German princedom, Mephistopheles might have had an easy bargain of me.—Think of CECIL,—the Cecil of 1810,—of 1815,—nay even of 1820,—a PEER!—And now,—on whose shoulders had the ermine fallen?—But why belie myself!—There was manhood,—youth,—nay, boyhood in me yet!—There *must* have

been;—or Lord Ashby would not have been so enraged when two months afterwards, he found me invited by the Ilfracombs to meet him and Lady Phœbe for the Christmas holidays at Dunmorrah Castle.—

It was strange, I admit, that the Duchess could not be persuaded to look on me as the rival of her son;—for I accidentally discovered that she was furious at her neighbour Lady Penlinnan having engaged Arthur Cornwallis, and bringing him with her to the balls and public days at the Castle; though every creature in London was aware that Lady Phœbe noticed poor Arthur only as a good-natured lad, whom I was fond of having about me.

We had not met since my accession of rank, nor indeed above once since the unfortunate publicity attending the statute of lunacy affair; and I was delighted to find her manner unchanged.—Many girls, conscious that I was now in a position to afford her a suitable alliance, would have affected coyness.—But

dear Phœbe seemed above it!—She frankly admitted herself charmed to find me at the Castle; albeit the poor Earl, her father, seeing how admirably her beauty became those noble galleries and banqueting-rooms, offered up hourly prayers to Heaven that she might not quit the place till pledged to become Marchioness of Devereux, and looked murderously towards us every time we exchanged a syllable. Had Lady Mereworth's Calabrian been still in England, or any other gentleman with black mustachios willing to undertake the poisoning of a nobleman for a proper con-sideration, I would not have answered for my life.—

It was my *debut* in the dignities of life; and much as I had found cause to be satisfied with my position in country-visiting, as CECIL, I can promise my Public that Lord Ormington had the best of it.—It is amazing how much value seemed attached to my opinion, now that it was attached to a vote.—People listened to

me as though I must inevitably have specific views on all possible subjects; and as if

> The Constitution was an Ark, which I
> Must needs support with zeal and sanctity;

while the Duke kept pestering me about the quality of his venison, as though the possession of a park had conferred aldermanic powers of degustativeness on my palate.

Lady Phœbe smiled; and the more she smiled, the more her father pished and pshawed. The contemplation of ducal coronets from morning till night, emblazoned on liveries, plate, hall-chairs, carriages, harness, prayer books, every thing that aristocratic vanity stamps with its badge, as John Brown J B s the fleecy flanks of his sheep, served to titillate his predominant mania and infuriate him against my want of precedence.—Lord Ashby took as much pains to stave me off, whenever dancing was going on, as if I were a more dangerous partner than a mere detrimental, like Arthur Cornwallis. To be sure,

Arthur was below his animosity. His daughter's undisguised attachment to myself must prevent any other man,—even though a Marquis,—from forming undue expectations.

By the way, I was somewhat amused to notice,—though I scarcely know why I record it here,—that the dear Princess at Lucca had ceased to write to me, except through the medium of Chippenham! They were all spending a charming winter together at Milan, where the high position occupied by her father, Count Harrach, as Governor of the city, secured her distinctions and claims upon her time so peremptory, that she had probably less leisure than at Lucca for correspondence.

Chipp, however, who appeared in the highest spirits, gladly took the duty off her hands,—and the "*riverire caramente*" conveyed in her messages was as kindly expressed as ever.—The Mereworths, indeed, sometimes observed that Chipp was now of an age to be better at home; that too long a sojourn in

Italy might become fatally influential over his habits and principles. But this was mere parental fidgettiness.—What signified his remaining till the spring?—They ought to have been too happy at the auspicious changes wrought in his feelings by his intimacy with such high-souled people as the L * * is.—

I am approaching a climax.—I have no doubt the reader perceives as much by my style; for I invariably wax prosy when about to relate something unsatisfactory,—as a nervous singer prolongs the symphony of a song, in order to gather breath and courage.—

There was a large party at the Castle, and most of the neighbouring houses were full of Christmas company. The moon being amiably disposed towards us, we had a succession of balls and private theatricals, night after night, within a moderate radius; which the severities of a tremendous frost, and the perils and dangers of exceeding bad roads did not bring *quite* within risk of deodand in case of any sacrifice of human life in the attempt.

I own I did not find these forlorn hopes altogether so captivating as I might have done twenty or five-and-twenty years before; for there *is* such a thing as rheumatism left in the world, whatever fleecy hosiery and vapour-baths may say to the contrary.—However, I plucked up courage and bore all like a hero for the sake of my Phœbe!—Poor little soul! It would have been scandalous to leave her without the support of my presence, when forced to divide her evenings into a partnership account with such boys as Devereux and Arthur Cornwallis.

Such at least was my view of the question whenever we were together; and I consequently bore with the fretfulness, the almost insolence of old Ashby, as thorns inseparable from my garland of roses.

The Duchess of Ilfracomb seemed to smile at my patience under the probation, as if gratified to see me pay the penalty of successful rivalship with her handsome young son;—and

Lord Walsingham,—(for the old Earl and Viscount Rotherhithe existed no longer, and the peerage had gained a solemn prig the more,) sometimes hinted to me that "between ourselves,—he did not wish to be officious,—he desired to make no mischief,—only people *did* consider that I was beginning to occupy a most degrading position under the impertinent resentments of Lady Phœbe Locksley's father."

Talking of Walsingham, I now began to laud my stars that the extinction of Rigmarole had preserved me from any untimely exercise of my senatorial capacities.—Neither he nor I had yet taken our seats in the Upper House; and it was amazing the difference of interest attached to *his* debut and mine.—His measure had been taken,—mine was doubtful.—I was perhaps a Colossus,—perhaps a Myrmidon.—I might prove in that august assembly a Gulliver at Brobdignag, or a Gulliver among the Lilliputians. *I* knew pretty well the trouble their pigmy legions would have in attempting

to bind down the man-mountain.—But their own enlightenment as to my dimensions was to come.

Visu carentem magna pars veri latet!

I say again, I am approaching a crisis.—At the ball given the following night at Penlinnan Abbey, I enjoyed a charming opportunity of satisfying the misgivings of Phœbe as to the declarations of affection I had so often, perhaps so unfairly, delayed. There were some charming cloisters adjoining the ball-room, into which Lady Phœbe seemed determined to allure me;—for she went and stood there with Arthur Cornwallis, as if to contemplate the moon through the arched windows; and instead of moon-gazing, kept looking back over her shoulder at me, to ascertain whether I were following.

I could not but obey the call; and the Duchess of Ilfracomb, having beckoned away Arthur to despatch him on some errand after a

stray fan or handkerchief, I took dear Phœbe's white arm within mine, and after drawing her on towards the further extremity of the cloister, where it was less and less cheered by the illuminations of the ball-room, and finally deepened into darkness softened at intervals by the moonlight darting through the painted windows, pressed her nearer to my side, as every man is entitled to do a lovely girl who chooses to find herself with him where there is none but the moon to interfere.

I asked her to be mine,—asked it nearly as succinctly as I now relate the question; for, after all, when one arrives at *that* moment of a courtship, eloquence becomes frivolous and vexatious.—I asked her to give me Lady Phœbe Locksley, and to take Cecil Lord Ormington in return.

It was all but dark.—I *pressed* for an answer, —yet for a minute no answer was vouchsafed. Though pretty well aware what it must be, I

was eager, I own, to hear from those precious lips the certification of my happiness.—

When the answer came it was inarticulate. I suppose the answers of most girls in similar situations are not *very* distinct. — Sobs of emotion are apt to mingle with the words. I must admit, however, that the impediment to Lady Phœbe Locksley's articulation bore little resemblance to crying. All I could gather from her reply was an entreaty to be permitted to consider till the morrow.

I could not conceive what there was to consider about. We had been intimate half-a-year. She was perfectly familiar with my appearance, temper, character, mind, rank, fortune.—I suppose, however, it is too much to hope that women will ever renounce on such occasions their sex's privilege,

the dear delight of giving pain;

and so I was forced to give the fair, soft arm, linked within mine, another gentle squeeze, —and my assent.—

I wish my Public nothing half so unpleasant as the sleepless hours passed between a ball, over whose lobster-sallads no Gunter has presided, and where the queen of one's heart has bidden one wait till next morning for the ultimatum which is to crown one's earthly happiness,—and the breakfast bell next morning!—

Other bells, however, were destined to precede the breakfast-bell on the day in question! Just as I had fallen into a doze, (in which I dreamed of wandering with Phœbe, our arms and waists as tenderly intertwined as a true-lover's knot, along an avenue at Thebes formed of sphinxes of porphyry, and it struck me that their green eyes had a wicked gleam, and that their marble noses curled sneeringly at me as I passed!)—a sudden ringing startled me from my pillow;—a ringing loud and incessant, as though the house were on fire, or the Duchess in a fainting fit, or Cayenne Locksley in a passion.

My last hypothesis was the true one.—Lord

Ashby was the ringer of that accursed peal;—the rage of Kean in Shylock, when raving after his daughter and his ducats, being mildness compared with his exacerbation of spirit on discovering that Lady Phœbe was at least forty miles from the castle, on her road towards becoming Lady Arthur Cornwallis! Servants had been bribed,—post horses secured;—and instead of retiring to bed on her return from the ball, she had assumed a morning dress, trudged with her maid a mile through the snow to the spot where a travelling carriage was in waiting, —*et fouette cocher!*—

I very much doubted whether I should have courage to join the party at breakfast. But while deliberating on the subject, Lord Ashby demanded an interview in my dressing room. Concluding that the thunderstorm wanted to dissolve itself into a shower, and that he wished to throw himself into my arms and mplore my forgiveness for his injustice, I acceded. When, to my great dismay, in burst

the angry man more infuriated than ever;—accusing me, of—guess what, oh! even most Talleyrandic of my readers!—*of* confederacy with the young couple!—

I took the hint,—I accepted the affront,—I even offered him satisfaction.—Better pass for any thing than a victim. To be once fairly exposed as a dupe, is to expose oneself to the machinations of the designing for the rest of one's days.

Of course, people took care we should not fight.—A reconciliation was patched up,—his lordship's horses ordered for the North road,—and mine, for London.—

I know not how many of the party took Lord Ashby's view of the case, or how many surmised the bitterness of my feelings as I stepped into my carriage. I thought I could distinguish Walsingham's laugh, as I drove away:—the ass's kick in the face of the sick lion!—

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est!—

—I swore it should be the last time I was converted by any young lady into a screen,—a stalking horse,—a conductor for the electric fluid of a thundering Papa!—

## CHAPTER X.

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus: hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.

VIRGIL.

Las de ce calme plat où, d'avance fanées,
Comme une eau qui s'endort, croupissent nos années,
Las d'étouffer ma vie en un salon étroit
Avec de jeunes fats et des femmes frivoles,
Echangeant sans profit de banales paroles;
Las de toucher toujours mon horizon du doigt
Pour me refaire au grand et me rélargir l'âme———

I RESIGNED myself, for the space of a twelvemonth and a day to the solitudes of my Lancashire estates, and the ennobling society of no less a personage than Cecil, 12th Lord Ormington, Baron Ormington of Daske in the peerage of England;—issuing only twice from my lair,—once, to consult Cartwright about

my teeth, and the other time, to stand godfather to a little John Danby Walsingham.—His father would fain have had him called CECIL. But I would not hear of it. From one end of Europe to the other, enough has been heard of that name; which now figures in the critical review of Abo and in the catalogue of the royal library at Pesth, accompanied by the words "vir ingeniosus,"—"vir acutissimus,"—"vir præstantissimus!"—It is recognized among the philosophers as one of the types of the epoch;—it has become historical;—it has become immortal.—It savours of Corinthian brass, Carrara marble, and the Heaven-y-pointing pyramid!—I preferred therefore that the babe born to our house should bear a name commemorative of the comparatively obscure virtues of my brother.

For some years past, I had been saying to myself, in the depths of my heart, that the moment I came into possession of Ormington Hall, should be the signal of a complete refor-

mation and refashionment of the place. In my boyhood, I had loathed it. In my maturity I found it might be *made* endurable. As I drew nearer to possession, I thought it might be converted into an earthly Paradise. But I had not been ten days in possession, before I fancied that already, it was as near perfect as any earthly spot that had not a cherub with flaming sword at the gates! All I did, therefore, was to have it put into complete repair, and restored precisely to its original state. It is only by adhering to an original plan that we ever secure attention to the fitness of things.

Had I once given license to innovation, I should have been having those rascally improvers rooting up the old trees,—demolishing the old turrets,—enlarging the old windows,—narrowing the old chimneys,—destroying the yew-walks, — razing the herb-garden. The thing would no longer have been in keeping, unless by such alterations as allowed not one of the old stones to remain upon the other;

and I leave it to those who have enjoyed the delights and cost of the same, to describe the pleasure of living ten years amid brick and mortar,—running one's head twenty times a day against scaffold poles and white-washer's pails,—and in the end, finding that the cost of your *new* mansion has rendered it impossible for you to reside in!—Besides, ten years would have brought *me* to the close of my allotted threescore,—and what had then been left for enjoyment? Better to accept the fine old place as bequeathed to me by the veneration of centuries!—Ahem!

As we advance further and further along the Path of Life, where every birth-day is inscribed at intervals on a series of mile-stones, whereof a tombstone is the last,—to whose brambles, tatters of our hearts adhere at every step, and upon whose flints our bleeding feet leave tokens of the anguish of our pilgrimage,—we grow cautious over our chances of happiness, as a banker pondering over an investment.—

Existence has become a matter of arithmetic. We calculate our pleasures by the rule of three, and decide upon the greater or the less quantity of enjoyment, by the medium of Vulgar Fractions!—

*My* Rule of Three decided, that if three months in the country had procured me worlds of happiness and peace, twelve months would produce four times as much.—

I determined to try. I resolved to survey the face of nature with the varying sunlight of twelve successive months shed upon its features; —and the experiment was satisfactory.—At the close of the year, I shook hands with the Right Hon. Lord Ormington, of whom I had seen a plaguy deal more than of the face of nature; and voted him,—not a deuced good fellow—my time for that was over,—but a very accomplished nobleman!—Like poor Lord Dudley after a solitary journey in a postchaise, I found myself so amusing that I was very near inviting myself to dinner.—

This sort of chimney-corner intimacy is a trying ordeal of a man's qualities! I am happy to say that I came out of it completely to my satisfaction.

Nobody can say that the world is the worse for wear.—Per progress of centuries, the earth we live on has been dis-infested of its wild beasts and venemous serpents. Cuvier will supply a list of the monstrous brutes,—all but anonymous from being long obsolete,—we have suppressed; and even in Britain, we have taken tribute of wolves' heads and hung up our adders in chemist's bottles, till the country is a much pleasanter place to live in. Plague, pestilence, and famine are now recorded exclusively in the Ritual. We have no more sweating sickness,—no wailing of the multitude for bread.—The earth brings forth her fruits in due season, and does not claim our bones an hour earlier than of yore, in payment of her punctuality.

All the additional evils that Civilization hath

engendered in lieu of the mal' aria and beasts of prey she hath chased away, are of a purely moral nature:—chicaneries of law,—mountebankeries of medecine—ostentations of divinity; —for factious Bishops, quacking Doctors, and griping Advocates, are behemoths and quartan agues of the especial creation of mankind.

The 12th Lord Ormington and CECIL debated these questions together at the easy length of debates never interrupted by a division —I began to consider the Poor Laws a subject for my serious contemplation.—Every body knows the section of Cardinal Richelieu's celebrated TESTAMENT, taking into consideration "*jusqu' à quel point on doit permettre que le peuple soit à son aise;*" and though I do not altogether agree with that politic Prelate, or prelatic politician, in desiring to govern them hive-fashion, by leaving them only as much honey as will enable them to work for more, till it is time to be stifled, I must say I consider the exorbitant Poor Laws of England to

amount to a premium to pauperism; a spreading of compost over the land for the cultivation of pernicious fungi,—which, if I were not a peer of the realm, I would call toad-stools.—I had not forgotten having heard the Italians describe *their* paupers as *poor* poor, and the English as *rich* poor.—I had not forgotten that when the late Lord Ormington gave an ox to the populace on the King's birth-day, they pulled down his park-paling to make the fire for roasting it.—I had not forgotten that St. Paul exhorted the poor "to work with quietness and eat their own bread," decreeing that "if any should not work, neither should he eat:"—and why should modern legislators be wiser than St. Paul?—Little did that expositor of Christian law, that Cicero of the Gospel, conjecture that one of the plague-spots of social life would be erected into a virtue, like cretinism among the Eastern nations,—by that pernicious letter of license called parochial provision.—Ahem!—

By living alone, I had lost the habit of what Rabelais calls *musant et baguenaudant* through the affairs of life! One trifles with other people,—it is a mistake to trifle with oneself.—At the period Rigmarole was lost to the Danby family, and I began to have the fear of the Hustings before my eyes as a candidate for popular favour and the county, I had coaxed myself into so much liberalism as to entertain almost with patience the Education of the People, and such like toys of Philanthropy.—But my seclusion at Ormington had caused the election-scales to fall from my eyes; and I was now convinced that of all the elements of anarchy introduced into a kingdom, the elements of Grammar are the most fatal:—ba be bi bo bu—having done more towards the subversion of social order than all the Chartism ever written down into notice by the Scribes and Pharisees of Oxford.—"*N'est pire valet que celui que raisonne!*" says the proverb,—and our ploughmen never began to argue with

us, till we taught them to chop logic instead of chaff.—

I used to discuss this question, day after day, with Dr. Birchington, (Droneby's successor as rector of Ormington; and at no distant period perhaps destined to march in the Danby detachment towards an ecclesiastical peerage,) who was good enough to drop in occasionally with Mrs. B. and take a slice of my family haunch.—He was a man of great erudition and strong powers of argument; only, as we had nothing else to do, I am afraid we sometimes sophisticated extravagantly over our claret;—discussing Pauperism and Colonization, somewhat in the manner of Pericles and Protagoras, who, when their beloved Epitimes was slain in a joust by a lance, passed a whole day in examining whether the cause of death resided in the lance itself, or the man who had made it, or the magistrate who had licensed the games, or Hercules in whose honour they were instituted!—

I could perceive, by the way, that since my accession to the peerage, the good Doctor had taken it into his head I had been playing Prince Hal through my hot youth, in order to surprise the world with a battle of Agincourt; —or rather that, for the reason adduced by the niggers for the muteness of monkeys, who could "talk berra well if dem likee," that I had been shamming stupid to escape being made to work.—

By the way, my sentences are getting long-winded. My aristocratic fastidiousness, dear Public, appears to recede from what Paul Louis called the *mitraille de l'eloquence,* the apostrophe; for I perfectly agree with that great master of prose, that, instead of saying, "*Nicole! apporte moi mes pantoufles,*" one should break forth into "*ô mes pantoufles!*" and "*et toi Nicole—et toi!*" Oh! Public, therefore,—a word to your wisdom!—but I dare say you know no more than a Post,—(I mean the Morning,) what I am talking about.—

By the way, that very super-education of the People made me for a moment hesitate to blow up the wreck of the Royal George in these volumes.—How do I know they may not fall into the hands of my own footman, and induce some impertinent parallel with myself, after the manner of Plutarch?—I have my doubts whether *any* domestic servants, (be the Household royal, gentle or simple,) are to be trusted with benefit of Clergy.—If they *can* write, they are sure to keep journals and indite memoirs—such as those of Dangeau, or Mesdames de Motteville, Campan, du Hausset, and our own incomparable Lady-in-Waiting;—who Heaven knows have done their best and worst to accredit the old definition of a court, "*l'oisiveté, la bassesse, tous les vices, et une charmante société!*"—

I was advancing within five or six thousand miles of becoming a country gentleman.—I began to find myself growing almost Tremaine-ish and cotton-night-cap-py.—

Meetings or public calls I never miss'd,
To dictate often, always to assist:
Often the Quorum join'd, and not a cause
Pertain'd to them, but I could quote the laws;
Even on tithes and residence display'd
A fund of knowledge for the hearer's aid:
And could on glebe and farming, wool, and grain,
A long discourse, and without pause, maintain.

Dr. Birchington, (who was a little too apt to address me in the monkish Latin of Frère Barlette, to his flock,—" vos quæritis à me, fratres carissimi, quomodo itur ad Paradisum?—hoc dicunt vobis campanæ monasterii,—'dando, dando, dando!' "—but to whom at present I had given nothing but family dinners!) seemed exceedingly anxious I should repair to London and enlighten the world from my seat in Parliament, as I condescended to enlighten *him* from the head of my table.—But though a learned and sensible man, for whose opinion I had the highest respect, I would not so soon sacrifice my luxurious domestic comfort to the welfare of the nation. I verily believe I should have remained till this day stagnant at

Ormington Hall, but for a national event, that stirred to the utmost the nerves and fibres of the British Empire.—

I know not whether loyalty had descended to me as an heir-loom with the other aristocratic hereditaments of Lord Ormington, or whether the feeling that suddenly warmed my blood were the same chivalrous devotion that caused the swords of the Magnats of Hungary to leap from their scabbards in behalf of their young and lovely Maria Theresa. But certain it is that the cry of the noble senators of Presburg, "Let us die for our QUEEN!"—was never echoed with more cordial gallantry, than by the lips of CECIL!—

I seemed to have grown ten years younger for the notion of living under petticoat government.—There were old women enough and to spare, on the other thrones of Europe:—our own, GOD save the mark, was about to be submitted to a young one!—

But something too much of this!—Cecil Cecilizeth.—

It is time WE should ensconce our robes, and take our seat as Baron Ormington of Daske.—

## CHAPTER XI.

A few moments snatched from the contemplation of political crimes, bloodshed, and treachery, are a few moments gained to all lovers of innocent illusion.—BECKFORD.

Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan!

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
Penna—
HOR.

NEVER shall I forget the warmth of enthusiasm that prevailed in London at that moment! —The city,—the very kingdom,—seemed to fancy itself grown young, and even the climate to imagine it had attained a second spring, because the sceptre was glittering in the hands of girlhood!—It was a new,—a peculiar, an almost bewildering position for old England; and the severest ordeal that her monarchical

institutions, (just then, too, amid the general decadence of monarchy,) could have been exposed.—But glory to Britannia! she came out of the trial triumphant.

Even I, though close familiarity with the stage-trick of royal life had somewhat depressed my veneration for regalities, even *I* felt touched to the soul by the idea of the duties now peculiarly connected with the thrice-hallowed prerogative of the throne.—I saw that the peers of a youthful queen ought to become Paladins, and that CECIL must be foremost in their ranks.

I had a sort of notion,—I may be pardoned, for it was the notion of all England,—that Victoria was a child.—I reached London with notions of protection;—overflowing with the loyalty—the chivalry—indispensable to form a rampart round the *throne*, lest the throne be *over*-thrown.—But if there wanted in my bosom any proof of the "divinity that doth hedge" a sovereign, it was afforded in the mysterious

influence which, by a simple form of heraldic proclamation, had converted a timid child into a thinking, feeling, woman.—Yet even that word is insufficient; the fullness of the change is only demonstrable by the expression—"into QUEEN!"—

Never shall I forget the influence exercised over my feelings by the first expansion of the pure virgin voice,—when from the throne the new Sovereign addressed herself to the peers of her realm.—No theatrical appeal to their devotion. — All was calm, — dignified,—and right royal.—She came to summon around her the descendants of the sage counsellors of her fathers; not to avail herself of the temporary enthusiasm of the hour—"a QUEEN—ay, every inch a queen!"—

And yet that voice was so youthful,—that form so slight,—that countenance so mild,—that one could not but be deeply affected by the prospects of the dangers surrounding every woman, though a queen,—every sovereign

albeit a woman!—A double danger was impending over that fair frail being; and I could have found it in my heart to turn aside and weep, as grey-headed men are known to have done at her first council, as I listened to the opening words of her address!—Ere it came to a close, I was re-assured. An unaccountable feeling of trust arose in my bosom.—I speak it not profanely, when I say that the idea of the yet unknown Saviour, a child among the Doctors of the Temple, occurred spontaneously to my mind.—

Every body in London, as I have already observed, was in the highest spirits.—But though disposed to attribute the exhilaration of public feeling to the auspicious dawning of a new reign, I was not blind to the fact that a *very* considerable circle of London society opened its arms to receive the new Lord Ormington, with an affection secondary only to the feeling evinced towards its new sovereign.

I understand your smile, malicious Public!

—You are thinking of La Fontaine's *âne portant les reliques!*—You are thinking of the Italian poet who, seated moralizing under a shrine by the road side, fancied it was *himself* the peasants saluted as they passed.—But I tell you it *was* Lord Ormington to whom all White's exclaimed—"My dear fellow—I am deuced glad to see you. How are you?"—It *could* not be the queen!—

It is a pleasant thing to take a new lease of one's life, and on the old premises.—I was afraid I might feel myself Boodle-ish on my arrival in town.—But no!—Conscious that

Un' grand alma e teatro a se stesso,

I knew that whether at White's or the Alfred, the Carlton or the Reform Club, I carried with me certain elements of distinction which must prevent my becoming confounded with those whom poor Lord Ormington had designated as the enemies of the country, or those

whom I felt to be fitter associates for Cecil, a *roué*, than Cecil, a peer.

It was a long time since I had spent a year out of London,—that is, a year out of London spent in the country; and confess I longed to kneel down and kiss the pavement of St. James's Street, singing like Tancredi,

> O patria! dolce,—(but not ingrata, patria!
> Io ti saluto.—

The very cries had music in them as I went up the street.—The muffin-bell awoke poetical fancies; and by the waters of the Serpentine I could have sat down and wept. LONDON!—ineffable,—adorable,—incomparable, good-for-nothing, good-for-every-thing, good-for-nobody good-for-every-body London!—like the lover's loveliest,

> There is no living with thee, or without thee! —

But for thy exquisite social system of bachelor beatitude, Club-life, the lungs exposed to thy sulphureous and lurid atmosphere might be

tempted to gasp, "something too much of this"! — But I recommend any man worth calling himself a man, accustomed to luxurious mornings of chat and nights of whist, with the best sayers of good things and players of a good game extant, to say nothing of capital dinners and suppers by way of *entr'acte*, to try twelve months at Ormington Hall, with such neighbours as Jonas Birchington, D.D. and Sir Gerald Moseley, Bart.—I began to see that Ormington was Boodles in its worst way,—Boodle's out-Boodled—the caput mortuum of Boodle's—the ext. of morphine of the Boodle-dose;—or, in other words, it was country life in all its stupendous——But I forget myself!—I shall be obliged like my Lord Duberly to hire a gentleman to mend my aristocratic cakelology, if I go on at this coxcombical rate.—

Town was very full;—a spontaneous burst of brilliancy like a spring in the American woodlands!—Hope,—hope,—hope,—every where hope!—But for such stirring epochs in

the life of kingdoms, as now and then the dappled dawn of a new reign, the drowsy hum of parliamentary debating would put them *too* fast asleep!—

If one could choose the fortunes of an empire, as people did those of their children in those better days of earth when fairies were godmothers instead of rich uncles and aunts who leave one nothing, methinks one could devise no better dowry for one's pet Realm, than to have a woman of eighteen for its Sovereign.—I care not a straw for old reliances on the firmness of masculine will, or the strength of masculine understanding:—in the rulers of the People, give us firstwise tenderness of heart!—Grey-headed statesmen may be had for asking for,—or if not asking, *paying* for.—A privy council is a thing as easy to bring together as the company of a minor theatre. But as toucheth Him or Her who by divine grace sitteth upon the Throne, unless by the will of GOD good and gracious, who or what is to stand our friend!—

Purity of intention, warmth of feeling, that instinctive goodwill towards mankind arising from the certainty of being the object of universal goodwill, is a better security for good government than the craft of the crafty or the caution of the wise.—We can judge for ourselves.—Let those who, like myself, have survived the moiety of a century, compare themselves at fifty with their Selves of half that age, and proclaim which is the worthier of trust!—It is only wine, medals, and Windsor soap that improve with years.

Queen Victoria may become a great potentate.—As in the reign of Numa, the gates of the temple of Janus may be shut during forty years under her government, which I take to be the greatest of legislative triumphs. She may be called great,—like "Anna, whom three realms obeyed;"—or illustrious, like Elizabeth, so omnipotent over the heads and hearts of her faithful humble servants.—She may become great as a queen, and good as a wife and mo-

ther. But I doubt whether at any moment of her greatness or goodness, she will be dearer or holier in the sight of men and angels, than on that auspicious 21st of June, when she arose a child and lay down a queen, to return to which virginity of sovereignty were

As though a rose could shut and be a bud again!

One only sovereign of our line matches in the memory of history with that angelic purity; young Edward, the saintly child, for whom the tears of reformed England pleaded vainly with the will of Heaven.—

But I seem to take my Public for poor Birchington, on whom I felt privileged to inflict my prose in return for the enormous proportion I endured at his hands.—I dare say it cares very little what I thought about the queen. I dare say it would rather be listening to inedited anecdotes of myself.—It has taken for granted, I trust, that my first act on acceding to the throne of Ormington Hall,

had been to double the income of my niece,—I might perhaps have done more, but that, as I was *then* contemplating my proposals for the hand of Lady Phœbe Locksley, it appeared injudicious to incumber my rent-roll beyond reasonable limits; — more especially as it was impossible to guess what amount of little Jane and Cecil Danbys might be the result of the projected alliance. — Dreading for Walsingham the consequences of a life of idleness, I now ventured, when honoured by demonstrations of ministerial patronage at the moment of the formation of Her Majesty's household, to hint that, any favours purposed towards myself being clearly intended as a token of gratitude for the parliamentary services of my late brother, they would be more advantageously bestowed upon his daughter or her husband.—I have little doubt that the office held by Walsingham from that day till a few weeks ago, has been one of the chief sources of the domestic happiness, which, Heaven be thanked,

continues to sanctify the *lares* and *penates* of Connaught Place.

It has not, I trust, taken for granted that Act II. of Cecil I. at Ormington Hall, was to set down the dear Robert of poor little Mary, for the reversion of Birchington's living; or that in the event of the reverend Doctor's getting the archdeaconry, for which he was perpetually bothering me to bother government, that happy couple were to succeed to the office of sharing my family haunch and domestic prosifications. "Not guilty," dear Public, "upon my honour!" I had too much respect for myself, too much regard for the life of piety and plain-work to which the little woman had resigned herself, to do aught to disturb the even tenor of her days. There is a living of £900 per annum, on my estates in Suffolk, (three hundred miles as the crow flies from Ormington Hall,) to which, —the incumbent being eighty-nine years old, a great age even for the incumbent of a capital living,—I have at present every intention of

transplanting my pale white rose; who has now, however, undergone the transmutation apparent on the mulberry tree after the tragical end of Pyramus and Thisbe under its branches, and become a full-blown damask!—

A period having arrived when there breathed not the woman in Great Britain, (with a single exception,) whom I was not by wealth and title justified in demanding as a wife, I could not sufficiently bless the farsightedness which had deterred me from elevating this worthy little body to a position she was so scantily qualified to adorn:—the gods had taken care of Cato!

By some strange faculty of perverseness, now that I had survived my detrimentalism, and was besieged on all sides by fathers, mothers, guardians, widows, maidens, young and old, high and low, rich and poor,—I recoiled from the very idea of the twice-one-are-two materialism of wedded life!—It is a rash sacrifice to clip one's own wings or be the Dalilah of one's Sampsonian strength.—I confess I was begin-

ning to wonder how any man of woman born, found courage for becoming her spouse.

That autumn, I was favoured with invitations to battues, archery meetings, and holiday-parties, to the amount of four Castles, nine Parks, seven Halls, one Court, three Places, thirteen Lodges, six Houses, and thirty-nine Cottages,—making in all eighty-two;—or on an average of two daughters and half a niece per house, I was wanted to marry five hundred and seventy four young ladies, without including extras.—The one eel to be selected out of a bag of five hundred and seventy four serpents, was really too slippery a consideration!—I preferred leaving the peerage, for the present, destitute of a Lady Ormington; and causing the Chaperon's Own book still to record the qualifications of the owner of Ormington Hall as "forty years of age, (or thereabouts,) single, handsome, clever, and of popularity rivalled only by his un-catchability."—I was not to be had at any price.

By the way, could I, without expressly despatching a courier or ambassador extraordinary to the heirs of a certain noble Sicilian and Cecil-ian family, not a hundred miles from Palermo, have secured possession of a miniature painted by Stroehling in the year 1810, in the height of my Emily Barnet enthusiasm, I should not have been sorry. Every one knows the manner in which Madamoiselle Clairon preserved, even in old age, the illusions of her stage beauty.—A portrait painted of her in the supreme moment of her charms, was constantly placed upon her toilet table, side by side with her looking glass: and glancing from one to the other, it was easy to apply pink, white, black, and blue, to the withered face of forty, fifty, and even sixty, so as to maintain its aspect of twenty-one.—

I have no reason to suppose I should have been more acceptable to any one of the five hundred and seventy four young ladies with my hair a shade darker, or a tinge of

brighter bloom perceptible upon my cheek; nor was it necessary to put my contemporaries of the bay-window to the blush, by bringing back the light of other days to it, in the shape of the CECIL of the Regency. Still, for my recreation sake,—in order to remind me "that such things were, that were most dear,"—I should not have been sorry for the power of contemplating now and then a face which in England, Portugal, Spain, France, Germany, had been so often pronounced arch-angelic.—

I will not swear, by the way, that the impending interests of the coronation may not have had some trifling influence over the five hundred and seventy four candidates for my coronet and family diamonds.—To figure as Lady Ormington, (CECIL's Lady Ormington!) at the crowning of Victoria I.—was a destiny that Cleopatra, or Sarah Duchess of Marlborough might have envied.—All Peers rise considerably in the market, on the eve of a Coronation; and I am not sure but that Lord Harris might

have done better than Tchindagore Park, had he prolonged his heiress-hunt. Never shall I forget the glance cast upon me by Lord Ashby, when, a few days preparatory to that unequalled display of national magnificence, he saw me examining at Houlditch's the new chariot I was to launch on the occasion,—well knowing that Lord and Lady Arthur Cornwallis (whom he had never seen since their marriage,) were glad to skulk about in a job!—

The Mereworths, meanwhile, had peremptorily effected the return of their son, whose prolonged absence from England was an injury to his prospects in public life.—He should have been already in parliament, and would probably have been honoured with some household appointment, but for his obstinate preference for Italy. The taste for olives had superseded all other tastes. He had not only forgotten Jane,—but his own people and his fathers' house.—

Instead of the open-faced boy who figured at

the last Coronation, there was now something scornful, something almost Byronic, in his dark dishevelled manly beauty. But I could see that he was wonderfully proud of himself. When he came to visit me, he Italianized so Italianesquely, as to bring vividly before me the chesnut copses of the villa L * * i,—its ilex wood and grove of cedar, — its sparkling fountains and pale statues,—its twisted stemmed pomegranates, its willow-hued olive gardens, and deep deep blue landscape in the distance. —And ever and anon, he kept stealing a glance at me, to see how I bore it; whether I had patience with him, or was handling a stiletto, under my dressing gown! Poor fellow!—he fancied himself a traitor to his friend, and Cecil a dupe!—When he talked, with tears in his eyes, of the blessings from which he had been torn by the tyranny of his family, the *peculiar* distinctions he had enjoyed in Italy, and his anticipations of the time when he

should return thither to pass the happy remnant of his days, I almost longed to tell him that not a single young lord of the slightest personal merit ever went the grand tour, without having sworn eternal constancy to a Milanese Princess, — brought back some withered orange flowers in his dressing-box, —reminiscences of ilex woods and thickets of cedars,—and a most Orlando-like determination to return and enjoy "the blessed remnant of his days," on the banks of the Arno, with one fair spirit for his minister, to lay his bones at last among the cypress trees;—all which, he was wise enough to put in his pipe and smoke, before the close of the season!—However, there was no good in disenchanting poor Chipp!—It requires the barbarity of Herod the infanticide, to exterminate the illusions of a youthful heart, just tottering in its innocent go-cart!—

I forgave him, poor lad!—and so did his

father and mother, when they saw the universal admiration excited by his noble and picturesque beauty at the coronation so far bewilder his vanity, that there were fourteen ounces weight the less of Italian correspondence that week in his postage account.—Chipp was voted nem. con. the handsomest man in town; and was already deeply involved in the whirl of London dissipation. All Lord and Lady Mereworth had further to desire, was that he should cut his wisdom teeth, and appear with half as much distinction on the stage of public life, as marked his debut on the boards of the bored of fashion.

It was just then a spring tide in London.—Princes and Dukes seemed to rain down upon the new reign; and the press of foreign chivalry was as for a *carrousel* or tournament.—I flatter myself I did not cut a *very* sorry figure at the coronation; where I honoured the procession with a considerable portion of "the *invaluable* casket of Ormington jewels, valued

at £60,000," disposed upon my dress.—Some people thought I had overdone it.—A few were ill-natured enough to observe that I had eclipsed myself.—But betwixt ourselves, good reader, I should have been glad enough to have exchanged the radiant Lord Ormington of 1838, for the simple Cecil who had philosophized on the tomb of Buckingham in 1831;—and far more so, for the happy, triumphant CECIL, who, at the coronation of George IV. had been wandering among the myrtle hedges of Italy with Byron,—my soul bright with the brightness of its glory, and his own.—

It is something, however, after living through four reigns to be able to look back upon such a youth as mine, illustrated by such a friend!—

> Illam mæa si partem animæ toto
> Maturior vis, quid moror altera
> Nec carus æque, nec superstes
> Integer. Ille dies utramque
> Duxit ruinam.

But it were of evil omen to close with

words so dolorous the chapter treating of the accession of our young Elizabeth.

"Dicite Io Pæan," therefore—

**"et Io bis dicite Pæan!"—**

## CHAPTER XII.

Six years had pass'd and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks.
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, display'd th' encroaching white.
The blood once fervid now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walk'd as I was wont before,
But now, the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat,
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I show'd my stranger guest my hills sublime,
But said, "the view is poor, we need not climb."
I ceas'd to hunt,—my horses pleas'd me less,
My dinner more; I learn'd to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And bless'd the show'r that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone,
I lov'd my cards in order to dispose—
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose!—

THE above lines, "on which I stumbled the other day, in the course of my morning's

reading," as the M.Ps. say, when they want to introduce a quotation,—caused my ears to tingle.—But *do* I repeat myself, oh! Public of my soul?—*Am* I growing an old bore?—*Can* you accuse me of holding you by the button?—If so, hang me on the spot!—for I swear I would sooner be a knife-grinder's dog, and bay the gas lamps, than have reason to believe that the respectful lane made for me as I enter the lobby, or the Clubs, or even the crush-room at the Opera, arises from the apprehensions which act as a Lord Chamberlain to clear the way for those most eminent bores of modern times—("*name, name, name!*" from the opposition benches.) Thank you, my Public!—all things considered, I had rather not!—

It would cut me to the soul were I to learn that you had said—(*not* per favour of the Reviews—which like those of Hyde Park,—are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," but through those whispers of the

coteries which signify very much, albeit as softly sibilant as the rustling of a barley-field in the breeze,)—that my memoirs resemble the mechanical music of a snuff-box, — at first brilliant and animated, but waxing slower and slower towards the close, till, after dragging its slow length along, it ends in utter tediousness at last.—

One of the cleverest of writers has informed us that to write a book is a craft requiring as long an apprenticeship as to construct a clock or manœuvre a campaign. It is true, the Prince de Condé got into a post-chaise on leaving school, drove to the theatre of war, and won a battle that made him immortal,—as the first part of my memoirs my Self.—*Cependant, il faut plus que de l'esprit pour être auteur, et il me semble que je dis les choses bien plus finement que je ne les écris.* It is not my fault, good Public, if you choose to read instead of listen. Moreover, if you *do* find me a *leetle* slow, have the goodness to remember that I am now in the Upper House.

Not, however, that *I* perceive any difference between Lord Ormington and CECIL. One or two impertinent fellows pretend that after alighting from my cab at White's, I am sure to fix upon some fellow's arm, on pretence of having news to relate, but in reality to take breath and find support.—Libel!—"a thing devised by the enemy!"—

Why *should* I be a-weary of either the world or my Self?—I have a mighty easy time of it.—

> Why scandalize the world?—the world to me
> Is good and gracious as a world can be!

In my accession to rank and fortune, *I* have not had to undergo the *peine forte et dure* of a new Peer, obliged to fuss and pompose, in order to prove himself "to the manner born;" —nor am *I* compelled, like Mr. Holford, to buy all the Hobbimas in the market, or undergo the persecution of knee-worship, as the Baal of the hour. I have too many Hobbimas in my

gallery at Ormington, and used to see too many undoubted originals of the Flemish school painted in Soho for George IV., ever to fall a victim to virtù.—My position in the world was ready made. As 12th Lord Ormington, no less than as Cecil I., I am happily privileged to enjoy my twenty-four hours in peaceful egotism.

I must admit that, during my two first years of dignity, I *did* harness myself somewhat superfluously to the yoke of public life. Rocked in the soft illusion that I had duties to perform in the House of Lords,—I was as faithful to my post as the Black Rod. But I soon found there was nothing to be done there, but yawn.—I had missed my vocation. Nature, I have reason to think, intended me to fill the vacuum she is said to abhor, created by the untimely end of my brother. There can be little doubt that I was destined to become one of the most remarkable parliamentary leaders of modern times; but a leader in the Upper

House is like the leader of a newspaper,—a mere *résumé* of things that are better said elsewhere. There is no reason, however, that because I have missed my cue, I should break into a subordinate part unsuitable to my capacities.

I will not pretend to deny there have been moments when I have looked forward to the retirement or death of Melbourne, as likely to create an opening I might turn to account.—It has always been thought that the peculiar charm of the Viscount in the eyes of those whom to charm is glory, consisted in the contrast between his careless manners and mental accomplishments,—the perfect nature of his tone, the consummate art of his policy,—and his mode of doing business as though it acted on an impulse of its own. Now, I have ever noticed that, in matters of favouritism, the cloudy day ought to succeed the day of sunshine, the joyous sunshine, the day over-clouded ;—and conceive that no two people on the surface of this

world of incongruities, ever stood so dissimilar in their shoes as Melbourne and myself. Not that I mean to say any thing unhandsome of him. Brocket is one who flings off vulgar censure "like dew-drops from a lion's mane;" —and I suppose no man ever went out of office, in any days of any of the successive empires of civilization, so free from the blot of interestedness, or purposes ignoble.—In that, again, I conceive myself to be somewhat his superior.

To my view of the question, a Prime Minister, next to the interests of the country, is bound to consider his own. It is absurd to talk of loving our country for its own sake. We love our country because it is the country that gave birth to our Self;—and may as well pretend to prize a pedestal more than the statue it supports, or a nut-shell than the kernel, as to care for the united nothingness of the Red Book, more than the one individual of whose virtues and abilities we have such intimate cognizance. I only trust I may have occasion to demonstrate the wisdom of my theory!

The Tories are as sure to fall out and fall *in*, as the Brunswick Theatre, and from the same cause,—the crushing weight of the roof overpowering the weakness of the walls;—and when at length extinguished by the preponderance of Peel, and the premiership comes anew into the market, or rather into my hands, I will take care not to make *my* bow to office, save in the capacity of Earl of Ormington.—

Not that it much signifies.—My heir presumptive is a nineteenth cousin, who lives in Devonshire Place, and employs a country tailor;—and to own the truth, I have almost abjured the idea of matrimony. To double my pains and pleasures would be too great a derangement of my habits, unless on certain temptations which I do not find offered. *Je cherche en vain ma défaite.* — I could hardly expect any thing so young and fair as I feel due to myself, to defer to my peculiarities;—to devote so many weeks of the year to yachting, so many to public life at Ormington Hall, for

the entertainment of the country,—and so many to private life in London, for the entertainment of my Self. I dare say I might readily raise a regiment of Lady Ormingtons among the Frederica Grays and Lady Harriet Vandeleurs, —the red-nosed, the halt, and the blind. But *my* aspirations are after the sublime and beautiful,—after that animated Muse, the marble browed Louisa,—after the dark haired Lady Anne, one of Lely's beauties escaped from her frame,—or the bright Selina, delicate as an apple-blossom, and buoyant as the goddess of youth;—and these, I know, would not hesitate to inscribe the name of Ormington in the Black List of their rejected, as unceremoniously as though there were not merged in its ennobled obscurity, the once triumphant dissyllable of CECIL!—

But Heaven be thanked I am not devoid of consolations.—I possess an excellent cook, an excellent account at my banker's, an excellent breed of deer, an excellent cellar of wine,—four

cardinal virtues which secure me a staunch body-guard of friends.—I have my favourite corner at Crockey's.—White's would think less of itself on the day my cab had not been seen in waiting at its door. *I* am not him of whom it was so pithily written

> Late and alone he dines at Brookes's,
> Tries what a newspaper or book says
> Till half past ten, and then, poor man,
> Gets through his evening, as he can!

*My* evenings are bright as the noondays of other men!—

For sunny weather, when London breathes asthmatically, I have my *bel-respiro* at Campden Hill, looking to the ever-classical shades of Holland House, and having in its shrubbery the only verification I ever saw of the aquaticum of Pliny's Tuscan villa;—a liquid table standing in an alcove of Carrara marble surrounded with Oriental planes. At my canicular banquets, where every thing, even the footmen and the conversation-men are iced, we dine round

a basin of highly polished white marble, into which spring-water as pure as crystal is so artfully forced that, like the style of CECIL and Sir John Denham, it is "without o'erflowing full."—On the margin of the font, are placed the more serious dishes,—the *poularde à l'aspic d'estragon*, the *mayonnaise d'écrevisses;* while the *hors d'œuvres* float about the gelid board in vessels shaped like caïques, gondolas, or waterfowl, and the condiments are contained in water-lilies of frosted silver.—

For the Autumn, I have my yacht, the Franszetta, which won the cup last season, "as nobody can deny;"—I have Newmarket,—where my cottage with a double coach-house and four-and-twenty stall stable, is one of the pet-follies of its paradise of fools,—(I beg pardon, I meant *foals;*) and last, but Heaven and the tax-gatherers know, not least, I have my family-vault, in Lancashire,—my Ormington Hall,—whose preserves are the second-best in

England, (*every* country-baronet's being the *very* best) and whose kennel has been immortalized by Nimrod.—

But although I feel it a duty to the memory of Lord Ormington, or rather of the Lords Ormington, to pass a portion of the year in this their manorial den, I will not swear that I never wished it burnt down, to preserve me from a recurrence of the duty.—We all know the verse of Chamisso:—"Blessed be thou, oh! Hall of my ancestors,—over whose foundations the ploughshare now extends its furrows;—and thrice blessed be thou, oh! whoever first guided the plough over the foundations of the Hall of my ancestors!"

Nevertheless, I sometimes feel, that even in the midst of enjoyments worthy of a Satrap,

A craving void is aching in my breast.

I know no more what I want than Alcibiades or Alexander the Great!—Perhaps my Public can inform me?—"*Les hommes commencent*

*par l'amour, finissent par l'ambition, et ne se trouvent dans une assiette plus tranquille que lorsqu'ils meureut.*" I cannot therefore be near my end yet: for so far from being in "*une assiette tranquille,*" I am as restless as an armadillo!—

Among other indications of my restlessness, two years ago I made a pleasant cruise in the Mediterranean; on pretence of a visit to Alvanley, but in reality to witness the domestic happiness of the La Bélinayes, who are settled in the little Carlist colony at Odessa; where Clémentine devotes her life in the most exemplary manner to the education of her three sons,—all that portion of her life *bien entendu* not absorbed by reminiscences of Paris and the olden time.—

But London is what is called my home. It is there alone I experience the sensation people called patriotism. Though born in the Château de Boulainvilliers, a circumstance which some

accept in apology for my papilionaceous propensities,—London is my country!—

It is needless to say that the old mansion in Hanover Square, inherited by Herries with the other personalties of poor Lord Ormington, has never taken the length of my august foot since my brother-in-law came into possession,—much to my relief,—for I would neither have lived there, nor brought it to the hammer to be George Robins-ed into flagrancy; and as to shutting it up as a ghost-stud, I have already expressed, à propos to Chippenham, my abhorrence of eccentricities.—I settled myself therefore at once in a new ORMINGTON HOUSE, which I flatter myself stands pretty high in the list of the memorabilities of social life.

ORMINGTON HOUSE is,—like that of Northumberland, but without intending a pun,—a thing *per se*. My continental experiences having served to open my eyes, while English opulence enables me to open my purse,—my establishment is one that George IV. would have pro-

nounced unobjectionable; and my Wednesday and Saturday dinners, and Thursday evenings, have been rarely excelled, I suspect, out of the Faubourg St. Honoré.—Every Eminence in the kingdom, except Cardinal Puff, is successively my guest.—Exempt from prejudice of caste, guiltless of Mæcenas-ian vulgarity, I am as well satisfied to collect around me such people as Devereux, Clarensfield, and Chippenham, the Mereworths, or the Ilfracombs, as the intrinsically great men of the day, the Colberts, Louvois, Molières, Boileaus, Racines, La Fontaines, or Perraults, of *my* Louis Quatorzian saloon,—the stars of my galaxy!—

In my little parliament, Bulwer represents the republic of letters,—Landseer, the province of the arts;—Moore dines with me as the poet,—Lockhart, as the critic,—Louis de Noailles, as the Grammont,—Sydney Smith, as the wit,—Sidney Herbert, as the Sir *Philip* Sidney of the day.—Every god and demigod has his specific shrine in my temple.—I invite Lovelace

Milnes (as Lord Ormington, *I* may allow myself finery enough

When a man's name is Dick, to call him Lovelace,

more particularly as "the Brook side" is nearly equal to Althea, and he has an objection to having it all Dicky with him!) — I invite Milnes, I say, as "young England," Greville as "old England," and Sir Henry, my Watier's chum, as "old Harry!"—I invite the roué set (just now, by the grace of ministerial anathema, so much the fashion,) whenever I want to pass for a moral man; or when I wish to re-assume my Don Juanic hat and plume, surround myself with the country Baronet husband and sons-in-law of Lady Winstanley, by comparison with whose humdrummery, the innocent fleece of my lambkinism passes for that of a lost mutton!—I give dinners to some men, because they understand them,—to some, because they want them,—to some, because *I* want *them*.—I do not pretend to any super-exquisiteness of

gastronomy, because givers of super-exquisite dinners are apt to be fussy about them, to put their entrées into italics so as not to be lightly passed over, and above all, to be punctilious of punctuality.—A dinner should be good enough to be talked of afterwards, but not so good as to prevent one's talking about other things while the banquet is proceeding.—I call the courses *evil* courses that demand perpetual notes of admiration.—

My table comprehends all sorts of talking and talkers;—"original matter, criticism, gossip of the week, and notices of the fine arts," as the weekly papers have it.—But people do for CECIL what they would not do elsewhere:—Rogers smiles for me,—Howden frowns,—Lupe looks solemn.—My reviewers gossip,—my Chancellors of the Exchequer prattle small talk,—my men about town listen while Ossulston, Courtenay or Dundas is singing,—Luttrell or Macaulay talking.—

Οἱ δε πανημέριοι μολπῇ Θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀειδοντες Παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν.
Μέλποντες Ἑκάεργον ὁ δέ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.

I *rather* flatter myself that when Ormington House shall exhibit over its portico the achievement of the 13th Lord of that name, London will testify its respect and sorrow in crape and bombazine.

Among the few youthful follies I have survived, is the chimerical and romantic love of solitude. I am quite of St. Paul's opinion concerning the mischiefs of a lonely life;—and shall take leave to do into English a few lines of the Byron of France upon that subject, which seem to understand my meaning better than I understand it myself.

" Man was not made for companionship with trees and stones, with azure skies and purple seas, with flowers or mountains,—but with his fellow-men. In the stormier days of youth, we fancy solitude a refuge from the attacks of the world,—a balm for the wounds received in its struggles; but experience teaches

us that in a spot remote from the sympathy and good-will of our fellow creatures, no degree of poetical enjoyment or intellectual imagining is capable of filling the hollow abyss of the soul. I once longed for the life of the desart; and most honest enthusiasts will confess to the same early illusion.—But trust me, my brethren, Nature has created our hearts of too kindly a texture to intend us to dispense with each other's society.—Mutual support is our best policy and surest happiness. Like children of the same household, who fight and scratch yet inevitably make up their quarrels and play together,—our pains and pleasures are fated to be in common. We *cannot* fling off the tie!"—

By the way, I suppose it is because poor old Lady Harriet Vandeleur finds it difficult to draw around her the society indispensable to human happiness, that she takes refuge in Associations: always getting up some joint Stock Company or other, for the purpose of

redressing wrongs, or setting the world to rights.—The last Prospectus sent to me in her ladyship's name, with four and twenty Queen's Heads, all of a row upon the cover, was "A Proposal for the formation of an Anti-works-of-Fiction Society; for the promotion of Matter of Fact;" offering premiums to non-novel-readers, and bonuses to total-abstainers from romance; the perusal of a Magazine to be finable, and of a poem, expulsion from the society.——The Prospectus did not particularize the historical books that were to be included under the head of works of fiction; but it strikes me that such a project opens the door to singular condemnations.—

For the name of CECIL or even Ormington to appear in the lists of such an Association, were to publish an epigram upon myself.

For there is a vast deal of romance in me yet. I am only what the Aberdeen metaphyscians would call a hypothetical realism. —I *appear* to eat well,—drink well,—sleep well.—

Et cependent il est d'horribles agonies
Qu'on ne saura jamais,—des douleurs infinies,
Que l'on n'aperçoit pas.
Il est plus d'une croix au Calvaire de l'ame,
Sans l'auréole d'or et sans la blanche femme
Echevelée au bas!

Toute ame est un sépulcre où gisent mille choses,
Des cadavres hideux dans des figures roses
Dorment ensevelis;
On retrouve toujours les larmes sous le rire;
Les morts sont les vivans, et l'homme est à vrai dire
Une nécropolis.—

Les tombeaux déterrés des vieilles cités mortes
Les chambres et les puits de la Thèbe aux cent portes,
Ne sont pas si peuplés!
On n'y recontre pas de plus affreux squelettes
Un plus vaste fouillis d'ossemens et de têtes
Aux ruines mêlés.—

L'on en voit qui n'ont pas d'épitaphe à leurs tombes,
Et de leurs trépassés font comme aux catacombes
Un grand entassement;
Dont le cœur est un champ sans croix ni pierres,
Et que l'aveugle Mort, de diverses poussiéres,
Remplit confusément.—

D'autres, moins oublieux, out des caves funébres
Où sont rangés leurs morts comme celles des Guébres
Ou des Egyptiens;
Tout autour de leur cœur sont debout les momies,
Et l'on y reconnait les figures blémies
De leurs amours anciens.

Dans un pur souvenir, chastement embaumée,
Ils gardent au fond d'eux l'ame qu'ils ont aimée
Triste et charmant trésor;
La mort habite en eux au milieu de la vie
Ils s'en vont poursuivant la chère ombre ravie
Qui leur sourit encore!

My Public must pardon my endeavouring to depict the state of my heart and soul, in any other tongue than the Queen's English.—It pretended to understand and admire French tragedy acted by Mademoiselle Rachel, because she was the fashion; let it admire and understand French poetry, quoted by CECIL,—for the same reason.—

At all events, be it understood, — no matter through what language or exposition,—that, in spite of the familiarity with which it contemplates me driving up St. James's Street in my Brougham, on the damp days when twinges of the gout remind me as accurately of my age as Burke's peerage,—they behold in me as it were, A HAUNTED MAN!—My brain has galleries, my heart chambers, as full of spectres as those of the Castle of Otranto!—

Some of these "*cheres ombres ravies*" I have pourtrayed in prose, I flatter myself not very inferior to the verse of Byron in depicting his Francesca who

> Was so slight and transparent of hue,
> You might have seen the moon shine through!

Emily,—Helena,—Franszetta,—the idols of my boyhood,—Nunziata, Theresa, Mary, Clémentine, the deluders of my middle age,—have been successively called up before you.—But I alluded, if you remember, in my last volume, to a certain Viscountess of whom I promised you "more hereafter;" and in my first, ventured to shadow forth a fatal remembrance of the follies of my F. O. days, which I would fain have consigned to oblivion.—

It would be doing you injustice were I to defraud you of a brief relation of these two piquant adventures; and if I have time, a chapter or two shall be added to this present volume, to describe two of the most painful

apparitions which ghostlify the chambers of my brain.

I am almost ashamed, at the years of which the Peerage accuses me, to plead guilty to such fickleness of nature. But be it remembered, that even that best of men, Wilberforce, had an especial clause in his prayers, on entering into the holy estate of matrimony, against his "volatility of nature!"—and if William Wilberforce confessed to being volatile, what chance for CECIL?—If these things were done in a green tree,—eh?—

I have also a budget of politics to inflict upon you.—I have hardly patience to wait for the meeting of Parliament, in order to give tongue to the ULTRA-CONSERVATISM, which is to form the basis of the CECIL-ian administration.—You shall hear what you shall hear of "that glorious English aristocracy, which has braved a thousand years the rabble and its sprees,—a body more essentially conservative, my lords, than the ancient Germanic Empire,

or modern Germanic Confederation,—than all that Scandinavia,—all that—"

But alas! dear Public,—there is scarcely room in the final sheet of Vol. III, or time on this 21st day of October, for more than a slight hint of *my* manifesto to Tamworth.

It is late—I have been interrupted by the visit of a Cecil II.—I have three letters to run through by post time,—and lo! the bell.—You shall hear from me another time.—*Agréez l'assurance de mes sentimens distingués;* and believe me, ever dear and attached Public,

With unfeigned respect (!)

Your faithful, humble servant,

ORMINGTON."

FINIS.

G. NORMAN, PRINTER, MAIDEN LANE, COVENT GARDEN.

7/E

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Chart No 12

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